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OR THE

RECLUSE OF THE LAKE.

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BY

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IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.
M.DCC.LXXXIX.

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CHAPTER I.

ETHELINDE, though totally unconſcious of the purport of her uncle's viſit, was extremely hurt at the coolneſs of his manner towards both her brother and herſelf. The reſemblance he bore to her father encreaſed the pain which his unkind conduct gave her; but this regret was converted into terror, when Cheſterville, to whom Sir Edward, in the firſt agitation of

his ſpirits, had raſhly related the converſation he had held with him, appeared before her, in ſpite of Sir Edward's remonſtrances and entreaties, and with eyes flaſhing fire, and lips trembling with paſſion, ſwore he would that moment go to Lord Hawkhurſt and inſiſt on an apology for what he had dared to repeat after Mr. Maltravers. For ſome moments his rage rendered him ſo inarticulate and confuſed, that Ethelinde could not diſtinctly comprehend the offence of which he complained; but when Sir Edward found himſelf compelled to explain it, ſhe ſaw at once all her apprehenſions realized, and even exceeded; ſince the confuſion which her brother's application to her uncle muſt of neceſſity create, would, inſtead of ſtifling a report ſo injurious to her, more widely and rapidly ſpread it. Cheſterville was, however, as deaf to her entreaties as to the remonſtrances of Sir Edward, who inſiſted very warmly that his interpoſition was not only needleſs but improper. An injury received

received from ſo near a relation, a wound from an hand that ſhould have been held out in friendſhip, ſeemed ſo inſupportable to the fiery and vindictive ſpirit of Cheſterville, that he obſtinately adhered to his reſolution of ſeeing Lord Hawkhurſt immediately upon it; and all they could obtain of him was to let Montgomery, who had ſomewhat more influence on him than any other perſon, attend him.

The young men then went away together; and Ethelinde retiring to her own room, Miſs Newenden and her brother were left alone.

"This is a deviliſh buſineſs, Ned," ſaid ſhe, after a ſhort ſilence. "I am ſorry, I think, that you have perplexed yourſelf with the Cheſtervilles. It makes, I can tell you, a confounded uproar; and people think Lady Newenden ill uſed."

"What people?" aſked Sir Edward.

"Oh! all the world that I meet at the riding houſe or in the park. They ſay that it is generally underſtood, that your com-

plaints againſt Lady Newenden are wholly groundleſs, and originate ſolely in your wiſhes to put her couſin in her place. This, I aſſure you, is the current report of the world."

"I am ſorry," cried Sir Edward, indignantly, "that the people you call the world are ſo malicious and ſo ſenſeleſs; but it will make no difference, Ellen, in my attention to Miſs Cheſterville, whom I hold myſelf bound in honour to protect as her father."

"Look ye, Sir Edward," cried Miſs Newenden, in her ſharp tone and quick manner, "I know nothing of love, nor of the fine ſentimental ſtuff that ſets half the people in the world to make fools of themſelves, ſo I don't pretend to be very quick ſighted in ſuch matters; but can you, Ned, lay your hand on your heart, and very ſeriouſly and truly affirm that you have no more partiality for this girl than for any other Miſs of your acquaintance; are you no more intereſted for her than you would have

have been for Sophy Carliſle or Lucy Althorpe if they had been left under your care?"

"Certainly I am more intereſted," ſaid Sir Edward, with emotion, "certainly I am much more intereſted. I loved the Colonel; he had only one fault to detract from a multitude of virtues. He was a man of honour; a man of ſenſe; ſome of the moſt agreeable hours of my life have been paſſed with him, and——"

"And his daughter, his daughter," interrupted Miſs Newenden, "inherits all 'her father's wiſdom and her mother's charms.' Come, come, brother, it is in vain to deny your regard for her."

"Nor do I," ſaid Sir Edward, angrily, "I rather glory in it. I thought, Miſs Newenden, you had more liberality of mind than to join with cenſorious old women, and envious young ones, in tearing to pieces the character of an innocent perſon who never can have offended either them or you."

"*I* join with the cats and the tiffany Miſſes? not I faith; nor ſhould I have troubled myſelf to ſay ſo much about it now to you if I did not ſee you likely to get into a troubleſome ſort of entanglement; with your wife on one hand, and this girl on t'other. If you like her, with all my heart. I only meant to adviſe you to quiet the people juſt at preſent by ſending her ſomewhere elſe. You'll have old Maltravers, and his comely wife, upon you open mouthed; and you'll find it beſt to take my advice. You know well enough that I give it in mere friendſhip, and I'm ſure nothing elſe would have made me come up to you now, ſo don't go to be reſtive when I coax you to make yourſelf eaſy."

She then fancying ſhe had acquitted herſelf extremely well, left her brother to very unpleaſant reflections. He felt more and more the neceſſity, for her own ſake, of parting with Ethelinde; but he could not bear the thoughts of propoſing it to her,

or

or even of conſenting if ſhe again propoſed it. As he ſaw no other reſource for her than marrying Montgomery, he fancied that his love was ſo diſintereſted that he could ſubmit to any, nay promote any plan that might ſecure her happineſs; but he perſuaded himſelf that in reſiſting her union with Montgomery, he only oppoſed what would perpetuate her misfortunes. While contending paſſions thus diſtracted him, Ethelinde was taking a reſolution to put an end to his difficulties, on her account, by quitting him. She had long ſeen the neceſſity of a meaſure which Lord Hawkhurſt's viſit haſtened; and though ſhe knew not whither to go, ſhe determined to propoſe ſeveral plans to his, to Montgomery's, and her brother's conſideration, and to leave them to decide for her; but to refuſe with equal ſteadineſs a reſidence with Sir Edward, or a marriage with Montgomery.

Having brought herſelf to this determination, and being convinced it was her

duty to adhere to it, ſhe prepared to meet with fortitude the diſagreeable and painful recital which ſhe expected to hear from her brother and Montgomery when they returned from their viſit. Calamity had ſtrengthened her mind in regard to her own ſufferings, while it had taught her to feel with keener ſenſibility for every other perſon, particularly for thoſe ſhe loved; and in making this reſolution the indigence and inconvenience to which it was probable ſhe might be expoſed wholly eſcaped her, while ſhe felt the keeneſt anguiſh in reflecting how much her rejection of Sir Edward's friendſhip might hurt his generoſity, and how cruelly her ſeparation from Montgomery muſt wound his love. Theſe corroſive thoughts ſhe was obliged to brood over in ſilence, for ſhe had no female friend to ſympathize with and conſole her. Miſs Newenden had no idea of pity or affection, and would feel more for a ſick horſe than for a human being under the ſevereſt preſſure of mental or bodily affliction.

fliction. Victorine was gentle, tender hearted, and amiable; but from the difference of her education, and the manners ſhe had been accuſtomed to, ſhe had no conception of the various ſpecies of uneaſineſs that preyed on the heart of Ethelinde; nor could be made to comprehend why ſhe would not marry Montgomery whom ſhe ſo paſſionately loved. The neceſſity, however, of endurance generally ſtrengthens the power of enduring, (at leaſt till the mind is quite overwhelmed and exhauſted) and Ethelinde, having no breaſt on which to lean, was compelled to exert her own reaſon, and act from her own principles of rectitude and propriety.

In about three hours after Cheſterville and Montgomery had gone out, they returned together. Montgomery, who knew how much the unguarded warmth of her brother frequently diſtreſt her, deſired to ſee her alone in the dreſſing room where ſhe uſually ſat. She immediately admitted him; her countenance expreſſed her anx-

iety to know the reſult of the conference they had held, and Montgomery thus related it.

" Be not alarmed," ſaid he, tenderly taking her hand, " Cheſterville behaved better than I expected; and upon the whole I am not ſorry we ſaw Lord Hawkhurſt. He received us with that ſort of air which a great man aſſumes who ſuſpects that his viſitor is come to aſk a favour he has no inclination to grant. Cheſterville, however, ſoon made him underſtand that he waited not on him with a petiton but with a remonſtrance.

' I came to you, my Lord,' ſaid he, ' to beg you would be pleaſed to repeat to me what you ſaid to day to Sir Edward Newenden on the information and at the requeſt of Mr. Maltravers.'

' Repeat it to you, Mr. Cheſterville! Certainly—I will repeat it; but you will permit me, Sir, to enquire whether I am to do it at your requeſt or at Sir Edward Newenden's. I—I give you my honor

what

what I ſaid was in pure friendſhip, and dictated—I ſay, Sir, it was dictated by no other motive than my regard to the family.'

'Well, my Lord, then you can have no reaſon to decline repeating it, as that will double the obligation. The defamation of my ſiſter is certainly a very kind office from my uncle, and I come to thank him as ſoon as I am certain of the extent of his kindneſs.'

'Really, Mr. Cheſterville,' cried his Lordſhip, reddening at the vehemence with which he was addreſſed, 'this is rather *bruſque*; and I own—I ſay I own that I am rather ſurpriſed that Sir Edward Newenden ſhould miſunderſtand, or at leaſt miſrepreſent—I ſay I rather wonder he ſhould conceive that I meant any other than to ſerve at once my very good friend, Mr. Maltravers, and Sir Edward Newenden, for whom I have a perfect eſteem: I ſay, my meaning, however ill I have executed my undertaking, moſt undoubtedly was to

uſe

uſe my good offices to conciliate the unfortunate family difference that has ariſen, and at the ſame time, Mr. Cheſterville, to ſerve you and your ſiſter.'

'Here are a great many words, my Lord, which, if I underſtand aright, mean very little; of any intention to ſerve me and my ſiſter I own I heard nothing from Sir Edward; of your Lordſhip's extraordinary repetition of Maltravers's infamous calumny I heard ſo much, as enforces in my mind the neceſſity of my noticing it. Mr. Maltravers, my Lord, is very rich; your Lordſhip is a peer; and ye are both my uncles. Your ages, my Lord, rather than either your rank, his riches, or your mutual relationſhip, prevent my inſiſting on the ſatisfaction which a gentleman in this caſe feels himſelf bound to take; but though that is perhaps out of the queſtion, I hold myſelf equally obliged to demand a recantation—a public recantation of aſſertions, which coming from you, my Lord, and from Maltravers, may have double influence,

fluence, and are therefore doubly pernicious.'

'Good God, Sir!' cried his Lordſhip, in encreaſing confuſion, 'what is it you would have me ſay? How can I unſay what I repeated—what I reported, as faithfully as my memory permitted, after Mr. Maltravers?'

'Well, my Lord, but it was not, I underſtand, after Mr. Maltravers *only*; for I am informed that your Lordſhip aſſerted that Sir Edward Newenden's having diſcarded his wife to receive my ſiſter in her place was the common and general converſation of the town. Now, my Lord, among the multitude of perſons who are called the town or the world, ſome one may, nay muſt, I think, occur to your recollection, who, in your preſence, repeated that which you were pleaſed to call the general and univerſal report.'

'Some one perſon, Sir? yes I believe —I rather think many did—ſo many that juſt any one particular perſon may not ſtrike

ſtrike me: and I own I was ſo hurt, that I had no—I ſay, I was ſo hurt at the report, that I rather wiſh to eſcape from it than to remark who was in poſſeſſion of it.'

'What if your Lordſhip had been kind enough to have defended the character of your brother's daughter, at leaſt till you knew it had merited the odium thus thrown upon it? It would have been more, my Lord, to the honor of your feelings and your humanity than to have taken for granted all that Maltravers has ſo wickedly and artfully aſſerted; and which the world, eager after novelty and gratified with ſcandal, no matter at whoſe expence, have with ſo much avidity adopted. But my Lord, to end a conference which may be on many accounts uneaſy to you, I beg leave poſitively to give to any perſon who dares again repeat the infamous falſehood, the lie direct; and to declare to you, that whenever I can find it in the mouth of any man, who has not his age for his protection,

tion, I will give him the lie to his face, and prove him the baſeſt of defamers!' So ſaying, Cheſterville aroſe; and Lord Hawkhurſt, who ſeemed by an effort to attempt digeſting this uncourteous ſpeech, aroſe alſo; yet not able to determine whether he ſhould ſoothe or reſent the anger which he could not condemn, he heſitated a moment, and then, juſt as we reached the door of the apartment, ſaid—' Mr. Cheſterville, yet another word with you; Mr. Montgomery, do me the favor to ſit down for a moment.' We returned into the room; and after ſome efforts to ſpeak without betraying his vexation and confuſion, Lord Hawkhurſt thus addreſſed your brother—

' Perhaps I ſhould not—I ſay, perhaps I even ought not to overlook this warmth. But much is due—I ſay, much conſideration is due to your quick ſenſe of honor. I ſhall rejoice as ſincerely as any one, very ſincerely, I give you my honor, at the annihilation of the report; but believe me—

I have

I have had ſome experience in theſe matters, and you are a young man—believe me it will not do to make a noiſe about ſuch an affair; 'twill not do; let me adviſe you—I ſay let me adviſe you—ſuffer it to die; the next topic that ariſes will put this by, and in a few weeks it will be forgotten. But indeed my dear Sir—it is an impoſſible project to ſtop people's mouths—'tis believe me a labour which Hercules himſelf could not atchieve. Well, we'll talk of it no more—I hope you will give yourſelf no more concern about it: but ſince I have the pleaſure—I ſay, ſince I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you here with your friend Mr. Montgomery, give me leave to enquire a little into your future intentions. You have ſold out of the army: that was wrong—very wrong. It would have been in my power to—I ſay, if you had remained in the army it might—I believe it would—have been poſſible to have ſerved you.'

'I ſold out, my Lord,' ſaid Cheſterville

ville coldly, 'under no circumſtances that ſhould prevent my purchaſing again.'

"Lord Hawkhurſt then ſeemed to feel that he had gone too far. Money was requiſite to purchaſe; and from money it was eaſy to ſee his Lordſhip had no inclination to part. 'You—you have thoughts then of entering the army again?' ſaid he.

'Yes. My friend,—that friend who has been ſo unjuſtly calumniated becauſe he has acted ſo nobly by my father, by my ſiſter, and by myſelf, is now encreaſing his unexampled benefits by treating for a company for me in a regiment ſtationed in Jamaica. Thither I ſhall go as ſoon as the negociation is completed, (which will probably be in the courſe of a week,) with my wife, whoſe father is one of the moſt opulent men on the iſland.'

"At the mention of this alliance all Lord Hawkhurſt's ideas of your brother's ſituation ſeemed ſuddenly to change. 'God bleſs me!' ſaid he, 'I am very glad—ſincerely rejoiced indeed—to underſtand

ſtand that. Very opulent, is he? I have been miſinformed then as to your marriage; I underſtood it was not altogether ſo prudent a match. I had an unaccountable notion that your lady was a Spaniard, with whom you ran from a convent. I am extremely glad your proſpects are ſo much more flattering than they have been repreſented; and I give you my word of honour, my dear nephew, that I not only highly approve your going to Jamaica, but if there is any thing that I can do to aſſiſt good Sir Edward in ſerving you, you may freely command me.'

"Cheſterville ſlightly thanking him, ſtayed not for a repetition of this new born and unexpected kindneſs; but haſtening from the houſe, ſaid to me—'Curſe on his mercenary politics! Did you obſerve how civil he grew when he learned that I was related to opulence? The fellow will lick my feet if at any time I ſhould be poſſeſſed of a fortune. How my ſoul deſpiſes him! I will have none of his ſervices!

But

But Montgomery, I muſt, though I cannot have it from him, have, from ſomebody, farther ſatisfaction in regard to Ethelinde. The Maltravers's ſhall not go about, juſtifying Lady Newenden at the expence of my ſiſter. I will go myſelf to old Maltravers——' Here you will, I know, pardon me for having interrupted your brother, and having attempted to diſſuade him from a ſtep that in my idea can be attended with no good conſequences. Maltravers, bigotted to his daughter, and indifferent to every thing elſe, will be irritated but not ſilenced. The breach between him and Sir Edward will then be ſo far widened as to become incapable of accommodation, which he is now certainly aiming at though he has miſtaken the means. It is impoſſible to help lamenting the unhappineſs of Sir Edward; impoſſible to help wiſhing that he may have been miſtaken in regard to Lady Newenden's culpability. Is it not poſſible that this diviſion, ſo fatal to the peace of all the family, may be

be retrieved and forgotten? You have an heart which would rejoice in ſuch an event, could it be brought about."

"Indeed," anſwered Ethelinde, "it is and has, from the earlieſt intelligence I had of the unhappy miſunderſtanding, been my firſt wiſh to ſee it at an end; but whenever I have ventured to expreſs that wiſh to Sir Edward, he has appeared averſe to the ſubject, and has entreated me to drop it. Lady Newenden is of a temper ſo haughty and unbending, that even if ſhe is innocent of the errors Sir Edward imputes to her, ſhe had rather endure the inconveniences that follow his ſuſpicions than deign to enter into her juſtification; and the means Mr. Maltravers has ſo injudiciouſly adopted, of applying to Lord Hawkhurſt, has made all probability of an amicable adjuſtment more difficult and diſtant. One ſtep, however, is in *my* power, and that it is my immediate determination to take.—I will immediately quit this houſe; and, ſince I have neither aſylum

lum nor ſupport, ſeek for both the one and the other by getting into ſome employment."

"Have you then no aſylum, Ethelinde?" ſaid Montgomery, looking on her with mournful tenderneſs; "and can any other ſituation be ſo creditable, can any ſo effectually put an end to the wickedneſs and folly that has attempted to blaſt your character, as your taking my mother for your protectreſs, while you conſtitute at once her happineſs and that of your Montgomery?"

Her deep bluſhes, her eyes filled with tears, her ſilent agitation, combined to inſpire him with an hope that ſhe heard him not reluctantly. Animated by the idea, he rapidly urged every argument with which his paſſionate tenderneſs furniſhed him, to induce her to conſent to an immediate marriage.—"Oh! hear me!" cried he; "ſoul of my exiſtence, hear me! Argue not with cold pecuniary prudence againſt my love. Give me but a right to call you mine,

mine, irrevocably mine, and I will leave you in the care of my mother, and go whitherſoever that beloved hand ſhall point to me the path of honourable profit. Ah! think of what a man may be capable who knows that his ſucceſs is to give affluence to a wife ſo adored, to a mother ſo revered; and that his return will be welcomed by two beings ſo worthy of his moſt arduous exertions. Animated by a certainty ſo enchanting, I ſhould feel no fatigue! I ſhould fear no peril!"

He was thus proceeding, when Ethelinde, no longer able to conceal what ſhe felt, burſt into a paſſion of tears. For ſome time utterance was denied her; but at length ſhe ſaid—"Preſs me no more, Montgomery, on a ſubject where my duty and my wiſhes are already but too much at variance. I ought not to hear you, when I know they can never be reconciled. It is not merely pecuniary prudence, but honor itſelf that forbids my liſtening to projects

jects which can never be realized but at the expence of your intereſt."

"Gracious heaven! can any thing be my real intereſt but my happineſs? Would the higheſt titles, the moſt unbounded affluence, afford me even the ſhadow of it without you? Would not the humbleſt cottage, the remoteſt obſcurity, be a terreſtrial paradiſe *with* you? Ah! Ethelinde! if you loved but half as well as I do, you could not coldly argue on prudence and diſcretion!"

"Would to heaven there was no neceſſity for me to do ſo! The romantic generoſity of your character, and your regard for me, which is, I believe, very ſincere, now make all inconveniences diſappear which prudence and reaſon would repreſent: but I, Montgomery, have ſeen the anguiſh that preys on a noble, a feeling mind, in beholding a beloved object expoſed to all the uncomfortable circumſtances that attend a very narrow fortune. Shall I bring on you this calamity? or could I bear

bear to think, that to eſcape it you may be impelled alike by your tenderneſs and courage to expoſe yourſelf to a thouſand dangers which you would otherwiſe never encounter? No, Montgomery! pennyleſs as I am, I will not marry; I will not rob your mother of the little ſupport ſhe now has, nor hazard imbittering the life of the man I love with anguiſh and regret. Had I millions, I would prefer you to all mankind. Having nothing, I determine to tear myſelf from you. Do not, I entreat you do not agonize my very ſoul with ineffectual remonſtrances. My reſolution may be rendered doubly painful but it cannot be ſhaken."

"Impoſſible!" ſaid Montgomery, fixing his eyes moſt expreſſively on her's—Impoſſible! You cannot have taken ſuch a reſolution; nor can you ſeriouſly think I will ſubmit to it." Then the idea of Sir Edward's having interfered ſuddenly occurred to him, and he added—"I do not believe indeed that this oppoſition is your own.

own. It is not in your nature to be ſo inconſiſtent. You deign to own a preference for me; yet are afraid of truſting me with your happineſs, afraid that the paltry conſideration of money ſhould intrude upon the felicity of a union ſo perfect as ours would be, if you are indeed ſincere."

"*If* I am ſincere, Montgomery?" Will nothing but that raſhneſs which muſt inevitably lay up ſtores for repentance, convince you then of my ſincerity?" And conſider who there is likely to have influence enough with me, to make me a moment heſitate, if my own reaſon did not tell me I ought to refuſe my aſſent to the generous but imprudent and impoſſibie plan you have propoſed. Are we to think only of ourſelves, Montgomery? is your Mother to be forgotten?"

"God forbid!" exclaimed he eagerly, "for then I were indeed unworthy of you. No, Ethelinde, I do not forget my mother; but in the propoſal I muſt ſtill warmly preſs, I think as much of hers as

of my own happineſs. In leaving you to conſole her in my abſence, I ſhould leave the only perſon who has the power to make her with chearfulneſs ſuſtain it: in leaving you to her tenderneſs and affection, I ſhould have no fears either for your comfort or your ſafety: ah! conſent then, I conjure you, deareſt, moſt beloved of human creatures! and give not your Montgomery cauſe for a moment to ſuppoſe that you prefer to that dear parent, any other guardian; give me not the pain to——"

"Stop! Montgomery! This is going too far; and I muſt beg you will tell me what you would allude to by what you juſt now ſaid of my being influenced by the opinion of others; and have ſince named, of my preferring any other guardian to your mother. Suſpicion, originally formed on the ſlighteſt grounds, is often exaggerated by a warm imagination to a frightful extravagance. Let us therefore ſuffer no ſuch ſuſpicion to go unexamined. It is undoubtedly to Sir Edward you avert.

Yet

Yet I think I know you too well to ſuppoſe that you can really believe he has on my mind any improper influence, or would uſe it if he had. My father, with his laſt breath, gave me to the care of that noble minded, that diſintereſted friend: my obligations to him, for all he has done for my father and for my brother, are equalled only by what on the ſame points I owe to you: I have long been accuſtomed to love him, and he has every claim to my confidence, to my regard, and my eſteem. Shall I go inconſiderately to throw off all remembrance of what I owe him, and ſeek another protection without his concurrence?"

"Inconſiſtent!" ſaid Montgomery, interrupting her—"Have you not this moment declared that you would quit him in order to ſilence the calumnies invented by the family of his wife, and go into ſome employment? Are you ſure, then, that to ſuch degradation he would conſent, but

would oppoſe your finding an honourable aſylum with the mother of your huſband?"

Ethelinde, ſtruck with this forcible remark, was unable inſtantly to reply, and Montgomery thus went on—

"You ſay, deareſt Ethelinde, that ſuſpicion ariſes frequently from trifles the moſt inconſequential. My nature is not, I think, ſuſpicious; but

'Who loves, muſt fear:'

"And ſure who loves like me, muſt greatly fear. I will candidly tell you all my thoughts. You may ſecurely hear them, for of your angelic purity I never could a moment doubt. Sir Edward is, I acknowledge, all you deſcribe him to be, except that I cannot allow him to be diſintereſted: no, Ethelinde, I have ſeen, and ſo have many others I fear, that he loves you; and his friendſhip for your father, his generoſity towards your brother, was, though not entirely owing to that paſſion, certainly greatly influenced by it; perhaps

perhaps almoſt unknown to himſelf." He ſaw anger and impatience riſing in the ſoft eyes and glowing cheeks of his lovely auditor; but he would not give her time to expreſs either, but took her hand, and thus proceeded—

"Have patience. I mean not, I would not for the world offend you! But believe me, Ethelinde, nothing but your innocent unconſciouſneſs of your own attractions could have made you ſo long blind to what has been viſible enough. Sir Edward is but human; he probably thought not of the danger till it was not to be eſcaped; and the miſconduct of his wife helped, while it put all your perfections in too ſtriking a contraſt, to perſuade him that he was leſs culpable in indulging the only ſentiment that ſoothed and enchanted him. Far be it from me to ſuppoſe for a moment that Lady Newenden's errors have been purpoſely exaggerated; I am pretty well convinced that ſhe has been greatly to blame, though I think not to the extent

which has been repreſented; but nothing can perſuade me that in purſuing a divorce Sir Edward has not in contemplation a future and more happy union."

"Gracious God!" cried Ethelinde, burſting into a flood of tears, "is it then certain that you—that Montgomery can join with the malicious, the invidious world, in imputing the moſt generous actions to the moſt unworthy motives? It is time indeed for me to quit the houſe of my benefactor. But believe me, Sir, your opinion of him will not make me more ready to embrace the propoſal you have honoured me with, and this ſhall be our laſt conference on the ſubject."

Thus ſaying, Ethelinde aroſe, and ſtill weeping exceſſively, left the room; whence Montgomery, who had already repented of having ſaid what muſt give her pain, ſaw her depart without having courage to detain her, or to attempt making his peace.

CHAP.

CHAPTER II.

AT the bottom of the ſtairs, where Ethelinde arrived almoſt without knowing why ſhe went, or whither ſhe intended to go, ſhe met Miſs Newenden.—"Hey day!" cried the latter, "what's the matter now? I never ſaw ſuch an houſe in my life. There's Cheſterville has been talking himſelf into a paſſion below, and you and Montgomery have been *ſympathizing* above. It's altogether exceſſively wearing. Do have done with theſe perpetual lachrymals; really it hurts even my ſpirits to hear of nothing but ſquabbling and ſorrowing."

"I am ſorry," ſaid Ethelinde, ſpeaking with great difficulty, "that we are deſtined to give you ſo much trouble, and ſincerely hope it will ſoon end." Sir Edward, who ſat oppoſite the parlour door, which a ſervant at that moment opened,

now ſaw Ethelinde, and heard her ſpeak as if ſhe was in tears; ſtarting up, he went to her, took her hand, and enquired earneſtly what had thus diſtreſſed her. "Nothing, Sir Edward, 'tis nothing indeed but lowneſs of ſpirits," replied ſhe, as ſhe attempted to paſs him.

"Nay," added he, "there is more in it than that. It is this wrong headed, fiery brother of your's, whoſe violence overcomes you; but be calm; be ſatisfied; I have at length perſuaded him to let Maltravers alone to me, and to ſuffer groundleſs calumny to wear itſelf out. His commiſſion is ſigned: he promiſes to think now only of his departure."

Ethelinde now reaſſumed preſence of mind enough to determine that this hour ſhould decide on her leaving Sir Edward; therefore ſummonſing all her reſolution, ſhe ſaid—"If you are not already too much fatigued by liſtening to or arguing with my brother, extend your kindneſs a little

little farther, and let me ſpeak to you in your ſtudy."

He led her thither, and ſhut the door.—"Keep me not in ſuſpenſe," ſaid he: "what has thus affected you? whence are theſe tears, and why do you tremble?"

To tell him what Montgomery had ſaid was impoſſible; ſhe tried therefore to conquer the exceſs of her emotion, dried her eyes, and ſighing, anſwered that her ſituation, taken altogether, which ſhe had been reſolutely inveſtigating, was ſuch as might ſurely account for any concern ſhe expreſſed.

"And has Mr. Montgomery," aſked Sir Edward, gravely, "been aſſiſting you in this inveſtigation, and leſſening or encreaſing your concern?"

"Mr. Montgomery has been with me certainly; but my ſorrows *he* cannot leſſen, and I am ſure he would not willingly encreaſe them."

The exceſs of that tenderneſs ſhe always felt for Montgomery, had already con-

quered her momentary anger; and her heart told her, that having of late made many remarks on the warmth of Sir Edward's behaviour to her, ſhe ought not to be offended that the quick ſighted and ardent love of Montgomery ſhould have ſuggeſted the ſame. To give peace to an heart which adored her, though ſhe thought it impoſſible to give happineſs, ſeemed as much her duty, as ſhe thought it to remove from Sir Edward an object which ſhe was afraid he ſaw with too much partiality, and to put an end at once to the malice of the world, and the apprehenſions of the Maltravers's, who had publicly affirmed that ſhe was to become Lady Newenden as ſoon as their daughter was legally diveſted of the title.

Arming her reſolution with all theſe conſiderations, ſhe now prepared to combat all the reaſons againſt her quitting him, which Sir Edward might plead as her friend, or enforce as her guardian. "Sir Edward," ſaid ſhe, her voice faultering through

through various agitations, "you have already had ſo much embarraſſment, your kindneſs and generoſity to my family have been ſo much more than I can ever repay, that I almoſt dread adding any trouble to what has gone before, though it muſt be the laſt."

"The laſt! To what do you allude?"

"To the neceſſity there is, notwithſtanding Miſs Newenden's preſence, that I ſhould immediately quit this houſe. Every thing concurs to make it neceſſary; I am ſure you muſt think ſo yourſelf; and however your generous wiſh to accommodate me may make you unwilling to acknowledge, you cannot fail to ſee it. Suffer me then, Sir Edward, to go—ſuffer me to go immediately and remove what appears now to be (however ſtrange that it ſhould be ſo) conſidered as an impediment to your re-union with Lady Newenden."

"Yes," anſwered Sir Edward, his lips trembling as he ſpoke; "go, Ethelinde, if

if ſuch is your pleaſure. The guardian-ſhip with which your father ſo ſolemnly inveſted me, and which I accepted with ſo ſincere an intention to fulfil moſt religiouſly, even as I would that ſome friend ſhould fulfil it to my infant Maria, if at your age ſhe ſhould be left as you are; this truſt ſo dear, ſo ſacred, I reſign; for you are weary of my endeavours to ſerve you, my advice is become importunate, and my friendſhip a reſtraint."

"Oh! no! indeed, indeed, Sir Edward, you miſtake my meaning entirely. My ſtrongeſt hope under heaven is in your friendſhip; but let it be exerted any where rather than under your own roof, ſince we live in a world where the moſt generous actions are the moſt liable to evil interpretations from thoſe who are capable only of baſe ones. Already have their unworthy inſinuations wounded your peace, and my character; already have my brother and my uncle met upon it; and though they parted friends, who knows to what difficulties

ties and terrors the report may hereafter expoſe me on their account and on your's. Nothing can excuſe my incurring the hazard, nothing ſhould induce me to remain a ſuppoſed bar in the way of your receiving Lady Newenden."

The mildneſs of Sir Edward's diſpoſition failed under the agitation of ſo many conflicting paſſions as now ſhook him.—"Receive Lady Newenden?" ſaid he. "Tamely acquieſce in infamy? Never, were it poſſible that my paſſion for her was as warm as when I married her, had I been blind to her faults of temper, and to the thouſand provoking inſtances of her wiſh to make me unhappy—never, after her behaviour in regard to Danesforte, even tho' I were ſure that it amounted only to dauntleſs contempt of the public opinion, would I again receive her. Name her not, Ethelinde; nor give the fooliſh and fleeting reports of idleneſs and malice, which you ought to deſpiſe, as reaſons for quitting the protection where your father left you, and where,

in

in the eyes of all the eſtimable part of mankind, you might with propriety remain; but rather own that you wiſh to give yourſelf to Montgomery; he is indeed a young man to whom the ſevereſt guardian could not object, had he a bare competence, or had you a fortune to enable you to overlook the total deficiency of his. Situated as you both are, I appeal to your own reaſon and reflection whether I ſhould diſcharge my duty if I did not point out to you the apparent, the unavoidable inconveniences of ſuch a union, though to prevent it, if you are determined, I ſhall not even attempt."

With downcaſt eyes Ethelinde heard him; and then ſo reaſonable did what he ſay appear, that ſhe felt aſhamed of having ſuſpected he had ever entertained for her any other than a brotherly regard; yet her opinion of the neceſſity of her leaving him was not changed, and ſhe ſtill reſolved to adhere to it.

"Nor will *I*, Sir Edward," ſaid ſhe,

"attempt

"attempt to deny my affection for Mr. Montgomery. I have told him, what I now repeat to you, that had I only a moderate fortune I would be his rather than Empreſs of the world; but to marry at preſent is indeed not in my thoughts; I have poſitively refuſed, I mean ſteadily to refuſe all his entreaties; but though I go not with him, I muſt ſtill ſolicit your permiſſion that I may depart."

Sir Edward, ſeeing her thus reſolute, and conſcious that ſhe was right, though he was yet unwilling to own it even to himſelf, began to conſider how he might at once acquieſce in her determination, and yet prevent her being under the neceſſity of flying for an aſylum into the arms of Montgomery.

No project to effectuate this ſeemed ſo likely as a propoſal that ſhe ſhould go with Miſs Newenden, who was, he knew, impatient to return into Dorſetſhire, and who, though ſhe cared not for Ethelinde or for any body elſe, was yet willing enough to oblige

oblige her brother when it neither put her to much trouble, or broke in on her favorite purſuits.—"Well, Ethelinde," cried Sir Edward, after turning this thought a moment in his mind, "ſince ſuch is your determination, will you go into Dorſetſhire with Eleanor? There you will ſtill be under my protection, though at ſo many miles diſtance ſcandal itſelf will hardly be able to make ſuch a reſidence appear improper. Tell me, ſhall I name it to my ſiſter?"

"I am afraid," anſwered Ethelinde, "that my preſence may not be deſirable to Miſs Newenden. It was only a few moments ſince, that ſhe complained, as I met her, of the air of grief and calamity that reigned throughout the houſe; to her my tears appear uſeleſs, and my wretchedneſs will be burthenſome."

"You miſtake her, I believe," replied Sir Edward; "Ellen has not a bad heart, though ſhe has no great ſenſibility of temper, and may not perhaps enter into a

thouſand

thouſand nameleſs and uneaſy ſenſations which deprive of reſt thoſe who have quicker and keener feelings; but I am perſuaded ſhe would be glad to do you any ſervice, and be much happier to have you with her in Dorſetſhire than to remain in London, which ſhe generally conſiders as a puniſhment."

Ethelinde, without reſource, unleſs from her own relations, the family of the Ludfords, to whom ſhe dreaded applying more than any evil that could befall her, was diſpoſed to acquieſce in this propoſal, which might, ſhe thought, procure for her a temporary reſidence, and give her time to conſider what ſhe could do for herſelf.

Reluctantly, however, ſhe thought of becoming an inmate at the houſe of Miſs Newenden; who was not only incapable of friendſhip, but of tenderneſs and pity; and who had no idea either of books or of that ſort of converſation in which Ethelinde delighted and excelled. The temptation of poſſeſſing the ſociety of Mrs. Montgomery,

of

of uniting her deſtiny with that of the man ſhe loved, of being freed from the neceſſity of being burthenſome to the family of Sir Edward, or dependent on her own, now forcibly aſſailed her, and all the objections that could be made to her marriage diſappeared; but in a moment all that her father had ſaid of the inconveniences he had himſelf ſuſtained by marrying without either party having a ſupport for a family, and the miſery ſhe ſhould ſuffer ſhould Montgomery be rendered unhappy and indigent for life, aroſe to counteract the ſeducing proſpect her fancy drew of living with the two people to whom her heart was moſt fondly attached, in the lovely ſolitude of Graſmere.

Sir Edward, who gueſſed by her countenance the ſubject which occupied her thoughts, continued to preſs for her conſent to ſpeak to Miſs. Newenden immediately; which having obtained, he went himſelf in ſearch of his ſiſter.

Glad to eſcape from London, and not unwilling

unwilling to oblige her brother (who was the only perſon for whom ſhe had the leaſt regard) where his gratification broke not in on her particular amuſements, ſhe complied without heſitation; and aſſuring him that Ethelinde ſhould be welcome to her houſe as long as it ſuited her to remain there, Sir Edward brought her to the room where Ethelinde remained that ſhe might repeat the invitation perſonally. This Miſs Newenden did with as good a grace as ſhe was capable of, and Ethelinde received it with grace all her own. It was ſettled then that they ſhould ſet out together, in three days, for Brackwood Down. The brother and ſiſter departed to give the neceſſary orders; and Ethelinde retired to her own room to conſider how ſhe ſhould take leave of Montgomery, how reconcile him to the reſolution ſhe had formed of going where ſhe ſhould ſee him no more!

The ſeparation between Sir Edward Newenden and his wife, was now become a ſubject of much converſation; and, as is uſual

uſual in caſes where little or nothing of the truth is known, various reports were circulated; and while ſome ſpoke very freely of her Ladyſhip's attachment to Lord Danesforte, others affected to pity her, and to aſſert that to their certain knowledge her indiſcreet preference of his Lordſhip was ſolely owing to the very improper ſtyle in which Sir Edward choſe, in her own houſe, to ſupport her couſin.

Mrs. Royſton, who could not forget the mortification ſhe had received from Montgomery, was delighted in every opportunity of declaiming againſt Ethelinde, to whom ſhe knew he was attached. As fearleſs in attacking the characters of others as regardleſs of her own, ſhe related in all companies, with many additions, all ſhe had been able to pick up about Ethelinde. While Montgomery reſided with Mr. Royſton in Harley Street, ſhe had frequently talked to him of the manner in which he paſſed his time at Graſmere, and of what he knew of the people in the neighbourhood:

hood: by theſe means ſhe had heard many trifling circumſtances in mere converſation which ſhe now ingeniouſly put together, and ſaid every where, that ſhe knew, from undoubted authority, that the intimacy between Sir Edward and Miſs Cheſterville had been long underſtood, and that he had tried to marry her to his ward, Mr. Davenant, in order to blind Lady Newenden, but that the young man was too wiſe to be taken in.

Royſton himſelf had, among numberleſs ridiculous foibles, that of being a male goſſip: paſſing half the year at his ſeat adjoining to one of the boroughs he poſſeſſed, he had been accuſtomed to occupy his politics by ſtudying the family hiſtories of the haberdaſhers, tanners, woolcombers, braziers, butchers, ſhoemakers, and chandler's ſhops, in the little town; and finding his genius extend with his knowledge, he by degrees became acquainted with every thing that happened in the gentlemen's families twenty miles round; by whom, as he

he was hated for his ſupercilious inſolence, deſpiſed for his meanneſs, and laughed at for his folly, he was ſeldom admitted to their parties; and the ſpleen he conceived at their neglect or contempt, he vented in calumny and abuſe. Thus he had acquired an habit of retailing, in all companies and on all occaſions, ſcraps of ſcandal, which were generally not the leſs eagerly liſtened to for being oftener falſe than true; and ſuch a reſource is defamation to the vacant head, ſuch a gratification to the malignant heart, that Royſton, who was derided as having hardly common ſenſe in other converſation, was eagerly liſtened to in this; and ſeldom wanted auditors, when to vilify the character of the unhappy, or to ſully the good name of the worthy, was the topic on which he was engaged.

It happened, that the day before that which was now paſſing, Mrs. Royſton had entertained at her table (more remarkable for the variety than the nice ſelection of its gueſts) one of thoſe non deſcript beings, the

the fungus production of that rage for trifling novelty and tinſel wit which marks the paſſing period, a man, who having been what is called *ruined* two or three times, yet contrived, by dint of aſſurance and ſingularity, to be noticed by a few idle men of fortune; and ſtill found means to make his way among ſets of people, who, having no real conſequence, none of that reſpectability which good morals and good manners beſtow on affluence, make to themſelves a conſequence of their own by ſome affectation either of literary eminence or ſtrange peculiarity. This *gentleman* (for that title, like ſome in the army, is always retained) had, by ſaying and defending very impertinent things, paſſed for a man of courage; and by picking obſolete repartees out of old magazines, forgotten plays, and jeſt books, (which he dreſſed in a motly and quaint language of his own) for a man of wit. On the ſtrength of theſe two qualifications, a perfect reliance on his own abilities, and a ſovereign contempt

contempt for all others, he had ſome time been a profeſſed genius, "a fellow of infinite jeſt;" tired, however, of ſeeing *bon mots* which were not uttered without many a painful reſearch into the dark annals of obſcurity, retailed to the *profit* of others, while empty honor alone remained for *him*, he courageouſly reſolved to turn his united talents to account; and nothing doubting but that his ſword would awe thoſe whom his pen might perchance offend, he magnanimouſly determined to conſolidate his ſmall remaining ſtock of money with his new modelled ſtock of old wit, and became the purchaſer, proprietor, and director of a newſpaper.

As he began moſt unmercifully, and gave no quarter, his paper was immediately conſidered as the principal vehicle of daily ſcandal; and whoever was ſolicitous to take away a character through malice, or to acquire one for folly, were ſure of exhibiting or being exhibited in "the faſhionable paper." This was ſometimes

carried

carried to ſuch exceſs, that the proprietor did not find himſelf quite ſo eaſy and unmoleſted as he had figured to himſelf he ſhould be: a few who thought themſelves too groſsly inſulted, entered into explanations which generally ended in the proprietor's publicly begging pardon, laying the fault on the printer, proteſting that no offence was meant, and directly contradicting in the print of Tueſday what had been daringly inſerted as an authentic fact in that of Monday. Every body bought what every body execrated as a nuiſance; and conſoled by the trite but proverbial ſaying, "let thoſe laugh that win," Mr. Popgun enjoyed his pecuniary ſucceſs, and a *ſpecies* of fame with which he was as well content as if it had been of a more honourable kind.

Such was the man, who having been ſhut out from all reputable ſocieties, that he might not gleam the common occurrences of life to transform for the purpoſes of his paper, ſtill found a ſeat at the table

of Mrs. Royſton; where the ſcantineſs of his fare was well made up by the anecdotes he acquired. Royſton, a ſtrange mixture of pride and meanneſs, of oſtentation and avarice, not diſliking a numerous circle, whom he fed, however, with as much frugality as poſſible, and who, though they not unfrequently roſe hungry from very little meat, wretchedly dreſſed in an affectation of French cookery, had yet the glory of eating that little from ſuperb old plate, which looked as if it had been dug out of Herculaneum.

At one of theſe dinners, on the day before mentioned, the conductor of the newſpaper was a gueſt. Mr. and Mrs. Royſton both related all they knew, and much that they had imagined, of the affairs of the Newenden family: they gave particulars of much that paſſed at the Abbey, and of converſations at Briſtol, which made Sir Edward appear as the moſt worthleſs and cruel huſband to an amiable and unoffending wife; all which duly treaſuring up, their

their gueſt at the uſual hour departed. It happened that the following morning Montgomery and Cheſterville were to meet a gentleman with whom the latter had buſineſs relative to his commiſſion, at a coffee houſe in the Haymarket: Montgomery being paſſed his appointment, Cheſterville and the gentleman tranſacted the buſineſs without him, his preſence being of no great conſequence; and then the other perſon departing, Cheſterville ſat down in the coffee room to write a letter while he waited the arrival of Montgomery.

Several perſons were in the room talking, to whom he gave no attention, till a little pale conceited man was heard with an audible voice to read a paragraph in which Sir Edward Newenden and Miſs Cheſterville were mentioned in a way ſo ſcandalouſly injurious, that an exclamation of diſguſt was heard from the greater part of the auditors, and, from all, of wonder.

"Upon my ſoul," cried a young man

amongſt them, "that is too bad. What! does he mention the names at full length?"

"No," replied Royſton, who was preſent and who had read the ſentence, "not ſo; but I filled up the vacancies, and added to the initials the letters that complete the names; for it was at my table yeſterday that Popgun heard the anecdote he has here inſerted; and indeed I know it to be true."

"Read it again, Sir," ſaid Cheſterville, "and with your own additions, if you pleaſe."

The eyes of all preſent were now turned towards Cheſterville, and the countenance of Royſton changed to a deadly white: not that he knew Cheſterville; but he diſliked both his voice and his countenance.

"Read it again, Sir! No, Sir—I ſhall not, Sir. I have read it once, Sir—and if you have any farther curioſity, here, Sir, is the paper."

"I ſhall not be able to do it juſtice, Sir," replied Cheſterville, who now approached the little alarmed ſenator, "ſince I was

I was not preſent at your table yeſterday; nor can I aver it to be true. Come, Sir, read it again."

"No, Sir—by no means.——I really don't chuſe——"

"Not chuſe, Sir? when you not only boaſted this moment that the ſcurrilous ſcoundrel was furniſhed with the anecdote at your houſe, but that you know yourſelf the truth of it? Read it, Sir—read it—and fill up the miſſing letters."

"Really Sir I think it ſomewhat out of rule to be called upon; a man in my rank of life, by a young, a very young gentleman, whom I have not the honor to know, to—to—repeat my words, or juſtify a common newſpaper report; I think my figure, my fortune might exempt me——"

"Gentlemen," ſaid Cheſterville, turning to the perſons in the coffee room, "this fellow, whoever he is, ſeems to be ſo contemptible, that I ſhould content myſelf with kicking him out of the room, if this were not a matter in which every man who

has a character himſelf, or a female relation whoſe honor deſerves to be defended, was not concerned. Ye have all of you probably a ſiſter, a wife, or a daughter, whom you will not hear baſely traduced: the lady whom this animal has dared to make the ſubject of an infamous libel, is my ſiſter; the daughter of an Engliſhman—of a ſoldier who has ſhed his blood for his country—I appeal to you all, whether this man did not aſſert that he knew this abuſive paragraph to be true?"

The gentlemen unanimouſly acknowledged that he had ſaid ſo.

"Then Sir," cried Cheſterville, addreſſing himſelf to the trembling and diſmayed Royſton, "I inſiſt upon your inſtantly acknowledging that you are a lying raſcal."

"Good God! Sir," cried Royſton, hardly able to ſpeak, "it is impoſſible you can ſuppoſe—impoſſible you can expect me—upon my honor—upon my ſoul—ſurely you can never deſire——"

"Look ye, Sir!" ſaid Cheſterville—

"You

"You are, I ſee, a paltry inſignificant fellow. But it is the ſting of a reptile that is often moſt dangerous. Acknowledge yourſelf a liar!—inſtantly acknowledge it!"

"No Sir—indeed Sir—I am very willing to ſay I might be miſinformed—or miſtaken—but—"

"That will not do, Sir. Since you decline this avowal, I muſt enforce my aſſertion; ſo I do tell you that you are a liar!—and to prevent any miſtake or miſinformation on *this* ſubject, I ſhall add a memento that will remind you to enquire of me farther." So ſaying, he ſeized the terrified Royſton with a ſtrong arm, and by an application of his foot ſent him, however reluctantly, to the door of the coffee houſe; where his velocity was ſtopped by Montgomery, who at that moment being about to enter, ſtood ſtill in the door way, greatly ſurpriſed at the rapid and involuntary exit which his quondam friend was making. Royſton was too much frightened to recollect the friendſhip ſub-

ſiſting between his adverſary and Montgomery; but apprehenſive that he ſhould be ſent down the Haymarket with as little mercy as he had been compelled to quit the coffee room, he ſeized Montgomery's arm, and breathleſs with fear and anger, exclaimed—"My dear friend, I have been cruelly uſed!"

At the ſame moment Montgomery heard this, felt Royſton's gripe imploring protection, and ſaw that Cheſterville was the man who had been committing the hoſtilities he complained of, ſome of the perſons round them were trying to prevent Cheſterville from proceeding, though he had no intention to purſue an unreſiſting foe; others attempted to explain the matter to Montgomery. After the tumult a little ſubſided, Montgomery aſſured Royſton, whom he treated with contemptuous civility, that whatever provocation Cheſterville had given he would be ready to juſtify like a gentleman, and that he would himſelf wait on him the next morning to receive his commands."

Cheſterville

Cheſterville then wrote his name on a piece of paper, which Montgomery gave to Royſton, and the two young men went away together; while Royſton, who ſaw, to his utter diſcomfort, that other conſequences were yet to follow, got into a hackney coach, and as it drove towards Harley ſtreet, he meditated on means to eſcape the ignominy of having taken a kicking, without riſking the yet more dreadful operation of being ſhot through the head. All appeared dreary and unpromiſing. Neither his age, his income, his northern coal mines or his ſouthern boroughs, were ſufficient defence againſt the iraſcible honor of a raſh hot headed boy. Often did he wiſh that he had been giving his ſilent vote or making an harmleſs ſpeech in the Houſe of Commons; and frequently did he curſe the indiſcreet love of babbling about other people's affairs, which had more than once been followed by very diſagreeable circumſtances. From thoſe which threatened him at preſent he could

ſee no means to eſcape; and he made no doubt but the next "faſhionable paper" would impale him in an anecdote to which its own falſehood had given ground.

CHAP.

CHAPTER III.

MOntgomery, though he owned that Cheſterville could not have acted otherwiſe than he did, was vexed that this affair had happened, as he knew it would give new force to the report, and extremely hurt Ethelinde, from whom, however, he determined to conceal it if poſſible. He was pretty well perſuaded that Royſton would ſooner read a public recantation than meet Cheſterville with piſtols; but he thought that to let the matter drop with a private apology was the moſt deſirable termination, and this he determined if poſſible to bring about. Every hour encreaſed his uneaſineſs in regard to the ſituation of Ethelinde. In a few days her brother and his wife were to go to Portſmouth to embark for the Weſt Indies. Their departure would make her continuing with Sir Edward

Edward infinitely more improper; yet ſhe inexorably continued to refuſe to put herſelf into the only protection which could ſecure her from the inconveniences of her deſtiny, and refuſed it for reaſons which he thought unfounded. Though he highly reſpected and eſteemed Sir Edward Newenden, he was by no means content that Ethelinde ſhould remain with him; receiving continually new obligations, deeply impreſſed with the recollection of thoſe ſhe and her family already owed him: and when he reflected that Sir Edward might poſſibly obtain a divorce, and be enabled to offer Ethelinde that place which it was evident he would be happy to have her fill, the moſt uneaſy and corroſive apprehenſions took poſſeſſion of his heart: and certain as he was of Ethelinde's affection for him, fear, jealouſy, and, miſtruſt, found their way into his liberal mind, and made almoſt inſupportable the idea of quitting England; of which he ſometimes thought as a duty he owed his mother, himſelf, and her for whoſe

ſake

ſake only he deſired independence; and ſometimes he fancied that to remain with them, though to ſhare an income hardly ſufficient for their ſupport, was more conſiſtent with his tenderneſs, and with their happineſs, than any advantage he might gain for them by leaving them.

At two o'clock the day after the diſagreeable meeting in the coffee houſe, Montgomery was to go to Mr. Royſton to receive his apology on behalf of Cheſterville, or an appointment where their differences might be ſettled. About one he was ſurpriſed, at his lodgings in Portland Street, whither he had removed to be near Ethelinde, with the following letter:

Harley-ſtreet, Feb. 9th, 17—.

"My dear Sir,

"Though I may have appeared unmindful of your intereſt ſince your abrupt and, give me leave to ſay, unkind departure from my houſe, I do aſſure you I have made it my buſineſs to ſerve you, and

and have the pleaſure to tell you that I have ſucceeded; my friend, Mr. ——, Chairman of the India Company, having this day informed me that an appointment is now fixed on for you of a nature ſo advantageous that I am perſuaded you will be ſatisfied with my zeal for your intereſt, and will believe me very ſincerely,

my dear Sir,

your moſt faithful ſervant,

J. Royston."

Montgomery would have been much more amazed at ſuch a letter had he not perfectly underſtood by this time the character of Royſton. That which neither relationſhip nor friendſhip would have effected, the fiery and vindictive Cheſterville had accompliſhed by an inſult, which, however it was deſerved, no other man would have borne. Royſton, with whom ſelf preſervation was the leading principle, and who knew that a man who had money

and

and parliamentary intereſt would always command a certain degree of outward reſpect, had perſuaded himſelf that it was beneath the real dignity of his ſtation to be governed by thoſe chimerical notions of honour which influence ſuch hot headed and romantic boys as Cheſterville; yet he was well aware that Cheſterville could and probably would force him to fight if he could not perſuade Montgomery to appeaſe him, and to prevail on him to accept of an apology, and be content with that and the reſentment he had already ſhewn; but how to make advances to Montgomery he knew not; he had not only treated him with neglect but with rudeneſs, which, high ſpirited and haughty from the conſciouſneſs of birth and merit, it was improbable he would eaſily forgive. So active, however, did the impulſe of ſelf preſervation make Royſton, that the wiſh of Montgomery to go out to India now occurred to him; and as he had lately had an opportunity of ſerving thoſe who had power in the Company at a conteſted

teſted election for Directors, he determined immediately to apply for preferment for Montgomery. This, as he was again by this time on the ſide of Miniſtry, his application immediately obtained; and he loſt not a moment in ſignifying his ſucceſs. Montgomery, in anſwer to his letter, ſent a verbal meſſage that he would be with him in an hour, and then went in ſearch of Cheſterville, to whom he gave the letter he had juſt received.

Having read it, Cheſterville demanded what he intended to do.

"Exactly," replied Montgomery, "as I ſhould have done before the receipt of it: I ſhall go to Royſton, and, as we agreed upon laſt night, inſiſt either on his meeting you, or publicly unſaying the calumny he publicly aſſerted."

"Hang the fellow," replied Cheſterville, "he appears to be ſuch a coward that he is beneath one's vengeance. Let him ſend me a written acknowledgment that he aſſerted unguardedly what was not

true,

true, and leave it to me to make what uſe I pleaſe of the paper; I deſire to have no more to do with him unleſs he has a better appetite for fighting; and ſince he has it in his power to do you ſervice, my dear Charles, get over the buſineſs as eaſily as you can with him."

"I thank you," anſwered Montgomery, "but I aſſure you if he had the power to make me Governor of Bengal, I would not accept it, if the condition was a compromiſe for words ſpoken to the diſhonor of your ſiſter. Royſton muſt apologize where the inſult was given. You may receive it how you pleaſe; and even then he is, in my eyes, ſo very contemptible a fellow, that I know not whether any conſideration will induce me to be obliged to him." The young men then parted; and Montgomery went to his appointment.

Royſton received him with open arms. "My dear friend!" ſaid he, "how pleaſed I am to have you under my roof. I am ſure we ſhall now perfectly underſtand each

each other." Montgomery heard all theſe profeſſions with great coldneſs; and Royſton, finding that all the advantages he had or could offer him had no power to ſhake that firmneſs with which he inſiſted on a recantation being made to Cheſterville, he agreed to undergo the ceremony at an early hour the next morning at the place where the offence was given. This point being ſettled, and Royſton conſoling himſelf with the ſage reflection that it was more noble to acknowledge than defend an error, Montgomery left him, ſaying coldly that he thanked him for the appointment of which he had procured him the refuſal, but muſt beg leave to conſider of it two days; at the end of which he ſhould be enabled to give his anſwer.

As he walked back to his lodgings, the tumultuous fluctuation of his thoughts returned: ſhould he refuſe an appointment which might, in a very few years, raiſe him to affluence, and give him the power of beſtowing every indulgence on the declining

clining age of his beloved mother, of placing the woman he adored in that ſtation to which her merit and her beauty would do ſo much honor? Was it for him, thus in early youth, to ſhrink poorly from the duty incumbent on every man to provide for himſelf, and take from his widowed mother more than half her ſlender ſubſiſtence? Theſe reflections determined him to return to Royſton, and by inſtantly accepting the appointment, put it out of his own power to retract. He ſtepped back a few yards to execute this reſolution; but then came the idea of taking leave of Ethelinde perhaps for ever—of leaving her to forget him, to become the wife of ſome more fortunate man, poſſibly of Sir Edward Newenden, while he might be employed in accumulating what, without her, was in his mind contemptible droſs; and his reſolution inſtantly forſaking him, he again turned and walked towards his own lodgings, glad that he had at leaſt two days to conſider of the propoſal, and to make

make another attempt on the inflexible reſolution of Ethelinde; whom, if he once could call his, he fancied he could leave her with tranquillity, and undertake any employment with a greater power of exertion and greater certainty of ſucceſs.

Slowly, and ſtill in a perturbed ſtate of mind, he reached the houſe where he lodged. He was ſurpriſed by hearing from the maid who opened the door that a lady was in his dining room. Unable to conjecture who it could be, he ran haſtily up; and opening the door, was inſtantly in the arms of his mother.

So great was his ſurpriſe that he was unable to enquire the cauſe of a journey ſo unexpected. She ſaw his agitation; and with that dignity and preſence of mind which never forſook her, ſhe ſaid—"You are alarmed, dear Charles, at my ſudden appearance, and perhaps gueſs very truly that only ſome diſagreeable buſineſs would have engaged me to undertake a journey as unpleaſant as inconvenient to me. Let me

me put you out of ſuſpenſe: Mr. Le Moine, to whom the management of our little property is entruſted, informs me that the great houſe at Lyons, in which, you know, ſixteen hundred pounds ſterling of our fund was placed for the ſake of receiving better intereſt, has by ſome miſmanagement been very much ſhaken in its credit. The concerned are reſponſible yet, and of undoubted integrity; but ſtill their ſituation appears to Le Moine ſo precarious that he adviſes me to loſe no time in withdrawing my property. It is a great deal out of our little all; and as the preſent ſtate of the French funds makes me unwilling to truſt it in them, I ſhall place it in England if I luckily ſave it; but as the removal of it will be attended with ſome difficulty and perhaps hazard, I have determined to go over myſelf; and having weighed every thing maturely, I ſet out from home in a few hours after the receipt of Le Moine's letter; and when I have conſulted with you on your preſent

ſituation

ſituation, ſhall proceed as ſoon as poſſible to Dover."

Montgomery, equally admiring her firmneſs of mind and regretting the fatigue and vexation to which his mother might be expoſed, now entreated her to ſuffer him to go immediately to France inſtead of her undertaking a journey ſo unfit for her. She told him, however, that ſhe could give no anſwer to that till ſhe knew his preſent proſpects; but that being a good deal fatigued, they would delay any farther converſation till the afternoon.

Montgomery then left her, at her requeſt, alone; and having procured her an apartment on the firſt floor in the houſe where he himſelf inhabited the ſecond, he ran to Hanover Square to impart to Ethelinde the intelligence of his mother's arrival, and to ſee whether ſhe would be induced to go to her; for he well knew that he could carry to his mother no ſatisfaction ſo great as ſhe would receive from the ſight of her.

Ethelinde

Ethelinde heard with amazement and concern the reaſons of a journey to London, at which ſhe ſhould ſo much have rejoiced had it been occaſioned by any thing but threatened misfortune. She ſuſpected what was indeed true, that Mrs. Montgomery had forborne to tell her ſon the worſt of her apprehenſions relative to this part of her fortune, for ſhe thought that nothing but very imminent hazard of its loſs could induce her to croſs the channel herſelf when ſhe had in Mr. Le Moine an active and truſty agent. This Ethelinde conſidered as deciſive of her fate. The aſylum which ſeemed ever open to her on the banks of Graſmere Water, that dear and tranquil cottage whither ſhe thought that when every other hope failed her ſhe might always turn her weary ſteps, and find peace and protection in the abſence of her lover, now ſeemed for ever ſhut againſt her, and its reſpected and amiable miſtreſs likely herſelf to become a wanderer in order to attempt—fruitleſsly perhaps

perhaps attempt, to ſave almoſt half of all that ſhe and her ſon poſſeſſed. Theſe mournful ideas filled her heart with anguiſh and her eyes with tears. She ſat ſilent a moment after Montgomery ceaſed ſpeaking.—"You will not go then to my mother?" ſaid he, mournfully, "you will not afford me the conſolation of ſeeing you once together before I part with both—perhaps for ever."

Ethelinde knew not that he alluded to his going to India almoſt immediately, which he now believed himſelf reſolutely fixed to do. "Ah! Montgomery," anſwered ſhe, in a voice broken by tears, "you know that if it *were* poſſible for me to refuſe you any thing I can conſiſtently with your intereſt and my own honour grant, it certainly would not be a requeſt in which Mrs. Montgomery is concerned."

"You will go then?" cried he. "Ah! let us not loſe a moment."

"But it is neceſſary to ſpeak to Sir Edward if he is at home," ſaid Ethelinde, "or he

he may think my going with you extraordinary, and perhaps improper."

"As you judge beſt," replied Montgomery, piqued, though aſhamed of owning it, at finding the deference ſhe was ever inclined to pay Sir Edward. Ethelinde then rang to enquire; but finding Sir Edward gone out, and Miſs Newenden not yet returned from Hyde Park, from whence no weather or ſeaſon detained her, ſhe left a note to inform them that ſhe was gone to paſs the day with Mrs. Montgomery, who was unexpectedly arrived in town, and then departed with her lover.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. Montgomery received Miſs Cheſterville with tranſport. The attachments of her warm and ſenſible heart were now entirely circumſcribed to her ſon and Ethelinde. She loved them with the moſt warm and anxious fondneſs The hopes of ſeeing them one day united, and enjoying competence if not affluence, animated her courage to embark again in irkſome attention to pecuniary buſineſs; and in that hope ſhe had reconciled herſelf to the proſpect of parting with her ſon, if it became neceſſary for him to ſeek his fortune in another hemiſphere. The dejection of Ethelinde; the tears ſhe ſhed in ſpeaking of the parent ſhe had ſo recently loſt; the deſolate ſituation ſhe was in, on which topic, however, ſhe touched but ſlightly; and

and the tenderneſs, that, without acknowledging it by words, it was eaſy to ſee ſhe felt for Montgomery; all ſerved to encreaſe that attachment to her, of which his mother had been ſenſible on their firſt acquaintance; and with redoubled pain ſhe reflected, that the circumſtances which now appeared ſo threatening to her little fortune, might put it farther than ever from her power to receive into her protection the daughter of her heart.

After dinner the whole party acquired a little more compoſure; and Mrs. Montgomery, who knew that the ſooner ſhe reached France, the greater probability there would be of her recovering the money which appeared ſo precarious, determined to exert that ſtrength of mind, which in trying exigencies never deſerted her, to canvaſs with her ſon his proſpects; and to help him to form that determination which ſhould ſeem moſt conſonant to reaſon and prudence. She conſidered Ethelinde ſo much as a party concerned, that ſhe was

deſirous of having her aſſiſt at this conference; and ſhe knew that her excellent underſtanding would teach her, whatever might be the feelings of her heart, not only to acquieſce, but to adviſe the execution of any plan by which he was likely to acquire eaſe and independence.

She began, therefore, by deſiring Montgomery to relate to her all the conſequences of the various applications he had made ſince he had been in town. He obeyed her; aſſigned his reaſons for having quitted Mr. Royſton; and concluded with ſhewing her the letter he had that day received from him, and explaining the nature of the appointment thus likely to be within his reach. "I have given," ſaid he, "no anſwer, and am glad of an opportunity of perſonally conſulting you, Madam, before I return one."

"Since then," replied Mrs. Montgomery, "I am here, and ſince another perſon is preſent, who I hope and believe is alſo intereſted in your determination, let me know,

know, my dear Charles, what are your own thoughts?"

"Ah! Madam," anſwered he, mournfully, "they are far from being pleaſant ones. Your little fortune, too inadequate before to your birth and merit, may now perhaps be reduced to little above one half. I have been too long a burthen to you; and too long depended on your tenderneſs for that ſupport which I ſhould have derived from my own exertions. An opportunity now offers, by which I may repair the injuſtice of fortune towards you; and certainly I ought to embrace it. I will do ſo, whatever wretchedneſs I may undergo in tearing myſelf, perhaps for ever, from all I hold dear on earth—from you and Ethelinde!" He pauſed a moment to recover the emotion this diſtreſſing idea cauſed, and then in a lower and more tremulous voice went on—

"I had, I own, one hope; and did I yet dare indulge it, the agonies of ſuch a

parting would be ſoftened, and I ſhould depart comparatively happy!"

Ethelinde knew he meant her conſent to marry him before he went: but the objections to ſuch a union ſeemed to have become ſtronger; and ſilent and ſorrowing, ſhe ſuffered him, without interruption, to proceed—

"That delicious hope is, however, at an end, unleſs your influence can prevail on Ethelinde not to ſend me into a long long exile, under the moſt inſupportable of all apprehenſions—that of loſing her for ever."

Ethelinde, who felt her reſolution failing, and dreaded leaſt the ſolicitations of Mrs. Montgomery ſhould wholly overturn it, ſaid—"What promiſe ſhall I give you, to make you eaſy on that head?—How ſhall I convince you, that my firſt wiſh is for your happineſs?"

"Eaſily, my angelic Ethelinde," cried he, "catching eagerly at an expreſſion ſo favourable to his wiſhes—The promiſe I demand

demand, muſt be given at the altar; the conviction that you wiſh to ſee me happy, I can receive only by your making me ſo immediately."

"I dare venture," ſaid Ethelinde, "I think I dare venture to appeal to Mrs. Montgomery, whether there are not objections to what you propoſe ſo ſtrong, as to render it, if not impoſſible, at leaſt incompatible with reaſon and prudence. To enable her to judge fairly between us, I will leave you to urge to her all the arguments you have repeated ſo often to me; and you muſt allow me, in my turn, an opportunity of ſtating to her, when you are not preſent, thoſe unanſwerable reaſons againſt ſo indiſcreet and haſty a ſtep, which I am ſure have already occurred to herſelf."

Ethelinde then aroſe, and retiring into Mrs. Montgomery's bed-chamber, left the mother and the ſon together.

"She is an angel," ſaid the former, as ſhe left the room.—"In perſon and mind ſhe gives me a complete idea of perfection,

of which, till I ſaw her, I doubted the exiſtence."

"Yet you will join with her, Madam, in expecting me to leave her—ſurrounded by thoſe, who, as ſenſible of that perfection as I am, will have inceſſant opportunities of recommending themſelves, and eraſing from her heart all the impreſſion it may now retain in my favour."

Mrs. Montgomery, affected by the vehemence with which he ſpoke, and by the tears that filled his eyes, deſired him to explain himſelf, and to tell her from what quarter aroſe that anxiety which ſo cruelly agitated him, with what appeared, to her, a groundleſs fear; Ethelinde's forgetting or forſaking him. He then, with a degree of emotion that encreaſed the concern of his mother, repreſented her as wholly dependent on Sir Edward Newenden: he enumerated the obligations ſhe already owed him, and all thoſe ties by which ſhe muſt conſider herſelf bound to reſpect and regard him: he deſcribed the

conduct

conduct of Lady Newenden; the irreparable breach which appeared to exiſt between her and Sir Edward; and the probability there was, that a ſeparation effected by law, would, at ſome period, perhaps not very remote, leave Sir Edward at liberty to offer his hand where his heart was moſt undoubtedly ſo partial. When he had concluded this little narration, his mother ſaid——

"If all you have ſeen, or rather fancy you have ſeen, of Sir Edward's particular attachment to Miſs Cheſterville, really left no queſtion of it, why ſhould you ſuppoſe, had he the power of offering her his name and rank, which he never may have, that ſhe would accept that offer to the prejudice of a man whom ſhe undoubtedly prefers now, and who ſhe will then be ſenſible is abſent only to procure a fortune, that he may offer it to her. No, Charles, I can allow much to the anxious ſolicitude of love like your's, but I cannot allow that you can entertain theſe ſuſpicions without

injury and injuſtice not only to Ethelinde, but to Sir Edward whoſe nobleneſs of ſpirit I revere, and am perſuaded it is produced by no unworthy motives. That he may admire Miſs Cheſterville, I can eaſily believe—who that ſees and hears her does not? But I think the deſigns you mention exiſt only in your warm and apprehenſive imagination. That he would act with the tendereſt attention, as her brother and her guardian, I have no doubt: why ſhould you join with the ill-judging, the groſs, and malicious world, and deprive her of ſuch a friend, when ſhe has moſt occaſion for his protection?"

Montgomery, almoſt for the firſt time in his life, felt a degree of impatience ariſe while his mother ſpoke, and he ſeized the firſt pauſe ſhe made to ſay—"But deareſt Madam, you do not know, indeed you do not—"

"Pardon me," cried ſhe, "I do know very well indeed, Charles, that a young man in love ſees every object which he fancies

fancies oppoſes his paſſion, through a falſe medium, with which ſober reaſon has nothing to do; you magnify the kindneſs of Sir Edward Newenden to Ethelinde, till you fancy he is as much in love with her as you are yourſelf; and that therefore ſhe muſt give her hand to you now, leaſt ſhe ſhould be compelled hereafter to give it to him: and then, forgetting that you muſt equally quit her, whether as your wife or your affianced miſtreſs, you conceal from yourſelf all the inconveniencies that may in the former caſe befall her; and think only of what may happen to yourſelf, if ſhe remains in the latter. As your wife, ſhe will be ſecurely your's; but ſhe will no longer have a claim to the protection of Sir Edward, who will, probably, (and with great juſtice) be diſobliged.—You will leave her without any ſupport, but that ſlender and now uncertain income which ſhe may ſhare with me.—You may leave her in a ſituation which will aggravate the miſery of your abſence, and encreaſe

creaſe the number of helpleſs beings, who will have no other dependence but on your life. *I* have learnt how to tremble for her, ſhould ſhe be ſo circumſtanced, by recollecting the terrors I underwent for you, before you ſaw the light; and what I then endured in the dreaded ſeparation from your father, which I hazarded your life and my own to eſcape from. Shall I forget all my own ſufferings, or be ſo inſenſible of thoſe another as to deſire Ethelinde to riſk equal miſery? No, Charles, you do not, I am ſure, expect it of me. I can bear your abſence, ſince it muſt be ſo—at leaſt I will try to bear it with fortitude: but I cannot conſent to promote what I think will encreaſe the unhappineſs of Ethelinde, without really promoting your's. Leaſt, however, you ſhould for a moment believe (yet ſurely my ſon will do me more juſtice than even for a moment to think of it)—that pecuniary motives influence me, I here aſſure you, that if ſhe will accept ſo humble an aſylum as I have

I have to offer her, nothing will make me ſo happy as to have your Ethelinde inhabit my cottage, and ſhare my income, whatever it may be."

Montgomery, prevented by a thouſand tender emotions from interrupting his mother, now kiſſed her hand, and bathed it with tears of tender gratitude, mingled however with thoſe of poignant regret, at finding that her ideas, however conſonant to the dictates of ſound reaſon, differed wholly from thoſe which the glowing hand of ardent and youthful paſſion, had impreſſed on his ſanguine and inexperienced mind. A ſevere internal ſtruggle paſſed before he could determine to ſay—"Ah! deareſt Madam! I live—I ought to live only to obey you!—And though death appears to me preferable to the cruel neceſſity of going from you and from Ethelinde, yet, if you think I ought to go—"

"Montgomery," replied his mother, collecting all her fortitude, "do not imagine that there is any conſideration on earth but your

your happineſs, that could induce me to think of parting with you. If you believe *that* happineſs would be more certainly obtained by remaining in England, and ſharing the very little income I ſhall now probably have, give up all thoughts of going. Ethelinde, I believe, would be content with any lot, however humble, that was your election: but ſhould you, ought you to ſolicit her to embrace it? The romantic idea of love in a cottage, which has diſtracted ſo many young heads, and broken, I fear, many anxious hearts, is too wild and chimerical for you to encourage yourſelf in dreaming of, or for you to wiſh that Ethelinde ſhould imbibe.—Brought up in elegance, allied to nobility, and marrying into a family as illuſtrious as her own, could you, Charles, endure to ſee your wife, the lovely, delicate, and graceful Ethelinde, employed in the occupations of a laundreſs or a domeſtic? It is neceſſary, my ſon, to be very ſincere with you. My income never exceeded

ceeded one hundred and fifty pounds a year; to what will it be reduced, if I loſe, as I fear I ſhall, ſixteen hundred pounds of the principal that produced it? We ſhall then have among us about ſeventy pounds annually. We may indeed *live* upon it: and if my ſon can ſubmit for himſelf and for his wife to ſuch a mode of living as an income ſo narrow muſt impoſe, he will not find his mother ſhrink from the experiment."

"God forbid, Madam," cried Montgomery eagerly, (all the energy of manly virtue, which a violent and predominant paſſion had awhile ſtifled in his boſom, blazing forth anew)—"God forbid that your ſon ſhould act ſo unworthy of you!—So unworthy of the lovely woman to whom he aſpires! Forgive, and think no more of the reluctance I have ſhewn to perform what is my duty. To have called that angelic creature mine, would, I own to you, have rendered the miſery of parting more ſupportable; but you have convinced

convinced me I ought not, for her ſake, to think of it; and I ſhould not deſerve to carry with me the dear hope of being one day her huſband, the ſoul-ſoothing certainty of being beloved by her, were I ſo incapable of real affection, as not to prefer her tranquillity to my own. The more ſevere this ſtruggle appears, the more I will try to go through it as becomes the ſon of Montgomery, and of ſuch a mother."——While he ſpoke however of fortitude, he vainly tried to conquer the anguiſh which the idea of ſuch a ſeparation occaſioned. Mrs. Montgomery had exerted herſelf to the utmoſt; and fearing leaſt ſhe ſhould finiſh the converſation with leſs firmneſs than ſhe had ſhewn during its continuance, ſhe roſe and abruptly left the room. Montgomery attempted not to ſtop her; but leaning his arm on the table, he remained meditating on his ſituation, and arming himſelf with all the fortitude which he could collect from pride, reaſon, and filial duty: the

the firſt forbade him to think of placing his wife in a ſituation ſo unworthy of her; the ſecond ſhewed the impracticability of their living on ſo ſmall an income; and the third repreſented the cruelty and injuſtice of depriving his beloved parent of any part of that income, which, reduced as he feared it muſt be, was hardly enough to procure for her the neceſſaries of life. He now thought himſelf no longer in danger of relapſing into the weakneſs he had but a moment before ſhewn; but then a formidable phalanx of fears aroſe, which, though they could not ſhake his determination, made it almoſt inſupportably painful——Sir Edward Newenden! all the obligations Ethelinde owed him; all ſhe muſt yet receive; his perſonal merit; his certain attachment; all approaching her in the ſeducing ſemblance of diſintereſted affection! For a moment he felt all the agonies of jealouſy: then reflecting on the honour and the principles of Sir Edward; on the delicacy of Ethe-

linde's

linde's mind, and the certainty of her affection for himſelf, he conquered the hydra he had raiſed; till the probable length of his abſence, the poſſibilty of Sir Edward's becoming free, and the eaſy tranſition from gratitude to love, again recurred; and reaſon, prudence, pride, and ambition could not, though combined to oppoſe theſe cruel apprehenſions, prevent their returning to torment him.

In about half an hour, Mrs. Montgomery and Ethelinde returned. Candles were immediately brought, which Montgomery, while he ſat alone, had forgot to order; and though Ethelinde drew her hat over her face, it was eaſy to ſee by her eyes how truly her heart had ſympathized with that of her unhappy lover. Thoſe of his mother bore too traces of the pain ſhe had felt, in communicating to Ethelinde what had paſſed in their converſation; and that which ſhe was ſenſible of, in thus being compelled by neceſſity

to

to adviſe the ſeparation of two beings, who ſeemed to be, though now perhaps doomed to meet no more, intended by heaven for each other.

Their hearts were all too heavy to allow them to enter on general converſation, and too full to touch on thoſe topics which engaged their thoughts; deep ſighs, therefore, only were exchanged; and as ſoon as tea was over, Ethelinde deſired to have an hackney coach called, to carry her to Hanover-Square. Mrs. Montgomery had told her ſon, that in the morning of the next day ſhe meant to begin her journey for Dover; to which place he intended to accompany her; and even to croſs the water with her: and he knew that the journey of Ethelinde with Miſs Newenden was ſo ſoon to take place, that probably ſhe would be gone before his return to town. Struck, therefore, with the idea that this was to be a final adieu (for the ſhip in which he ſhould probably ſail for India,

India, was to depart in leſs than three weeks), he had no power to riſe to obey her; but ſat ſilent, and yet agitated beyond the power of expreſſion to do juſtice to the pain he felt.

Again, in a faint voice, Ethelinde repeated—"Will you be ſo good, Mr. Montgomery, to order a coach for me?"—and again he heard without immediately anſwering her. At length he ſaid—"You go then!—and we meet no more!"—Ethelinde, to whom this idea was equally inſupportable, could utter nothing. Mrs. Montgomery alone had courage to ſay—"I hope not ſo!"—"And yet why ſhould any of us hope," ſaid her ſon, "to meet again? ſince it is only to give new pangs to a ſeparation more dreadful than that which disjoins the ſoul from the body.—Why ſhould we ſay adieu at all—for myſelf I cannot!"

"Do not then," ſaid Ethelinde: "it is indeed only ſentiment refining on miſery. All that we feel cannot be expreſſed; and

and of what uſe were it if it could, but to torture each other." She ſtopped, rather wondering how ſhe had found courage to ſay ſo much than attempting to ſay more. Montgomery, unable to ſtay in the room, went down himſelf to ſee for a coach, and while he remained abſent, his mother took the opportunity of fortifying the reſolution of Ethelinde, though rather needing ſupport for herſelf than fit to afford it to another—"You judge rightly, my beſt love," ſaid ſhe, tenderly taking her hand: "indeed I know not whether the intellects of poor Charles will be found equal to the wretchedneſs inflicted by parting at all, if you do not exert ſome fortitude to enable him to bear it; for my part, I own I dread the hour when I am myſelf to ſay farewell, ſo much, that I ſometimes doubt whether I ſhall have ſtrength of mind to encounter it at all. I did think," continued ſhe, after a ſhort pauſe, "I did once think of requeſting you to go with me as far as Dover; but what would the

the gratification of that wiſh produce, but fatigue for you, and lengthened, accumulated anguiſh for my poor boy!"

"If it will afford you, deareſt Madam, any ſatisfaction," murmured Ethelinde, "think not of either fatigue or pain that it may give me. I could feel indeed only pleaſure in being with you, however it might be embittered by our ſubſequent ſeparation; but I own I ſhould doubt whether it might not be too trying to the reſolution, and too deſtructive to the compoſure which your ſon will require to prepare him for his long, long voyage." The words died away on her lips; and as inarticulately Mrs. Montgomery anſwered—"No, my dear Ethelinde, we will not think of it.—Alas! *our* ſeparation will be ſhort. When I return from France, I may again embrace you. But who, oh! my God! who knows whether, when I have bid farewel to my ſon, theſe widowed arms may ever again enfold their laſt and deareſt bleſſing."—This idea, ſo terrible to the heart of a mother,

mother, ſeemed to conquer all the fortitude which Mrs. Montgomery had been collecting. A violent paſſion of tears relieved her; which ſhe had hardly time to indulge before Montgomery returned with quick ſteps and wild looks into the room. He ſeemed breathleſs with agitation, and ſaid, in a hurrying way to Ethelinde—"Miſs Cheſterville, the coach you deſired is there!—All then ends thus," added he, claſping his hands together——"here, too probably, terminates for ever all hopes of happineſs for me!"

"My dear Charles," ſaid his mother, who now found the neceſſity of exerting herſelf—"You do not, I am perſuaded, believe what your diſtreſs of mind makes you ſay. Many ſmiling years are yet in ſtore for you; when the conſciouſneſs of having deſerved her ſhall heighten your happineſs with the loveliеſt of women!"

"They *may* be in ſtore for me, Madam; but it is only a poſſibility. Ethelinde is perhaps

perhaps deſtined to make ſome worthier, ſome more fortunate man, happy!"

He was proceeding, when Ethelinde interrupted him.—"What ſhall I ſay to you, Montgomery, to make you eaſy on that point?"

"Nothing," anſwered he, in a tone of mournful deſpondence, which ſunk into her heart; "I would not fetter you by promiſes which ſo many circumſtances may tempt you to wiſh you could break. If my diſtreſs, if my inſupportable torments really moved your compaſſion, you would become mine irrecoverably, and put it beyond the malice of fate to divide us."

"*If* your diſtreſs moved my compaſſion," repeated Ethelinde? "Is this then a time to expreſs ſuch a doubt? Cruel Montgomery! Cruel, thus to aggravate ſufferings which you ſee I can hardly ſupport!"

"Forgive me," exclaimed he, "I deſerve that reproach—but forgive me; and do

do you, dear Madam, make allowance for your unhappy ſon. I am almoſt as weak as I am wretched! Indulge me, therefore, in one requeſt!——I cannot, Ethelinde, I cannot take my laſt leave of you to-night, let me therefore ſee you for only one moment to-morrow! *I*, who juſt now declaimed againſt the voluntary miſery of a formal parting, now deſire to be gratified in miſery?"

He ſeemed to expect an anſwer.—"Indulge him, my Ethelinde," ſaid his mother, "if you can indulge him without inconvenience; and inſtead of leaving London early, I will defer my departure till noon."

Ethelinde ſighed rather than ſpoke her acquieſcence; and then Montgomery aſked leave to attend her home. This was no time to deny him; nor was ſhe able to do it, doubting indeed whether ſhe ſhould have ſtrength to carry her down ſtairs. She approached, therefore, without ſpeaking, towards Mrs. Montgomery, who,

throwing her arms round her, kiſſed her cheek, on which their tears were mingled; and then turning ſuddenly away, Mrs. Montgomery cried—"May heaven protect my beloved Ethelinde, and reſtore to me the daughter of my heart! Farewel! on my return to England we ſhall meet again!" The idea that then Montgomery would not be there to rejoice in that meeting, ſtopped her utterance; and Ethelinde, who could not return her adieu by any thing but tears and ſobs, haſtened to the door, and was led by Montgomery down ſtairs, and into the coach which was waiting.

When they were placed in the coach, Montgomery ſtill retained her hand, on which, as he preſſed it to his trembling lips, the tears inceſſantly fell during the ſhort time that the coach took in carrying them from Portman ſtreet to Hanover ſquare. Ethelinde attempted not to ſpeak. Her heart ſeemed ready to burſt, from the violence of the pain that oppreſſed it; and

tears

tears failed to give her relief, though they fell in ſhowers on her boſom.

When the coach ſtopped for directions within a few yards of Sir Edward Newenden's houſe, Montgomery, having pointed out the door to the coachman, ſaid—"At what time to-morrow may I come?"—"As early as you pleaſe," replied Ethelinde.—"Will nine o'clock be agreeable to you?"—"Yes! but would it not be better to ſpare us both ſuch additional ſuffering?"

"Do not deſire to withdraw your promiſe, Ethelinde; it is the laſt kindneſs, perhaps the very laſt, that I ſhall ever ſolicit!" This plea ſilenced any farther objection. Montgomery aſſiſted her out of the coach, and led her into the hall; then, only repeating, "Remember nine to-morrow," he left her; and Ethelinde, ſending a meſſage to Miſs Newenden, who was ſhe found at home, to excuſe herſelf from waiting on her and Sir Edward at ſupper, retired inſtantly to her own room.

Sir Edward had been very uneaſy at her abſence with Montgomery; and her meſſage, which ſignified that ſhe had a cold and head ache, and could eat no ſupper, did not relieve his concern. He dared not, however, betray it either to his ſiſter or his ſervants; and therefore, with an heart as ill at eaſe as was that of the object of his ſolicitude, he went reſtleſs and diſſatisfied to his own apartment at an early hour; while Miſs Newenden who had ſettled with him that evening that ſhe ſhould ſet out with Ethelinde for Brackwood the next day but one, ſat down to write to her ſervants, that her houſe and her horſes might be ready for her. She had now been ten days in town, in the fineſt weather for hunting that there had been the whole ſeaſon; and ſhe ſaw with pleaſure the near termination of a ſacrifice to which ſhe had reluctantly ſubmitted.

CHAP.

CHAPTER V.

THIS dreadful morning at length arrived, and brought with it the ſummons which Cheſterville and Victorine had long expected, to ſet out immediately for Portſmouth, where the Weſt India ſhip, on board of which they had taken their paſſage, was arrived, and waited only for a wind.

The pillow of Ethelinde had been all night ſtrewn with thorns, which baniſhed every attempt to ſleep, and before ſix o'clock ſhe was dreſſed, and ready to receive her brother, who ſoon after tapped at her door, and told her that they were immediately to depart, having received a meſſage from the commander of the veſſel, who was himſelf ſetting out for Portſmouth.

Her affection for her brother had neither been deadened by the various ſenſations ſhe had experienced, or diminiſhed by his own ill conduct; and ſhe heard thus abruptly of his immediate departure with acute ſorrow. It ſeemed as if the ſame day was to tear from her all that was dear to her upon earth, and her heart recoiled from the ſevere trial that was before her.

Victorine, though ſhe ſincerely loved Ethelinde, was of a gay and volatile temper, and felt much leſs the pain of ſeparation from every body elſe ſince her huſband was with her; and ſhe fancied herſelf returning to her native country, and to a father of whoſe affluence ſhe had entertained the higheſt ideas, and of whoſe kind reception of her ſhe was too ſanguine to doubt. Chefterville had taken care to inform himſelf of every particular relating to Mr. Harcourt; and had learned that he ſtill lived a widower on his eſtate in Jamaica; that his daughter had married

and

and came to England, where ſhe died the next year, without children; and that his ſon had been ſome time in Europe, and was then ſuppoſed to be making the tour of France and Italy, after which he was to return to Jamaica, and to accompany his father to England, where he had prevailed on him to make conſiderable purchaſes, and where he wiſhed to ſettle for the reſt of his life.

Young Harcourt was deſcribed as very gay and expenſive, but good natured and generous; and the perſon that gave Cheſterville this intelligence, who was the commander of a Jamaica trader, and knew him well, added—"but as to his gaiety and his expences, they cannot hurt his fortune; and he and his father agree mighty well upon the ſcore of money. To be ſure, ſince he is an only child, there is a great deal of it for him."

This account had inſpired Cheſterville with the moſt ſanguine expectations; and as he had taken care to procure every teſ-

timony that Victorine was the daughter of the unfortunate Anthonietta, he had the warmeſt hopes of her being received as a daughter by the elder Harcourt; and that the younger would not oppoſe her having a ſhare of his abundance, ſince he had now no other ſiſter.

The tears and languor of Ethelinde, on a parting which he thought promiſed only a ſpeedy and fortunate return to England, ſeemed more to him than the occaſion called for; and he endeavoured to ſhew it to her in as cheerful a light as he ſaw it in himſelf. "In a few months, my Ethy," ſaid he, "Victorine and I ſhall return to you with half a dozen negroes, and a cargo of clayds and muſcavados, ginger, aloes and cotton, beſides a ſhip's lading of mahogany enough to furniſh an houſe. We'll have it all conſigned to our couſins, Meſſrs. Ludfords, of Briſtol, who will then, I dare ſay, be our very humble ſervants; and when all is happily diſpoſed of, I ſhall, with the net produce in my pocket, ſet out

out to pay firſt my debt to Sir Edward, and then we will purchaſe a pretty little freehold, with a manor in ſome county where there is good pheaſant ſhooting, and you and I and Victorine will live all together as pleaſantly as poſſible."

Ethelinde, though glad to ſee him ſo cheerful, and that misfortune had wounded him ſo ſlightly in its paſſage, could not forget that not five weeks had yet elapſed ſince he ſaw his father expire, whoſe death his indiſcretion had undoubtedly haſtened. Montgomery too, the friend to whom he had been in the hour of his adverſity ſo much obliged, ſeemed to be left out of his arrangement in his viſionary proſperity. She was more hurt, therefore, by his apparent want of affection, than relieved by his vivacity; and anſwered, with a deep drawn ſigh, and a faint though forced ſmile—

"You are very good, brother, to admit me into your ſcheme of felicity; I pray God, that as far as it relates to yourſelf

and my ſiſter, your imaginary good fortune may be realized, and even exceeded."

"Oh! doubt it not," gaily rejoined Cheſterville: "that curſed jilt Fortune is weary I know of perſecuting me; and now you will ſee I ſhall be one of her firſt favourites. And pray, my ſweet Ethelinde, who deſerves her partiality better?"

"There are," ſaid Ethelinde, "who deſerve it at leaſt as well."

"So there are, upon my ſoul.—No—I don't ſay there are, in the plural; but there is *one* dear good fellow who deſerves every thing. Yes, I own that Montgomery is truly deſerving; and to ceaſe ratling, let me tell you very ſeriouſly, my ſiſter, that if ever fortune does ſmile upon me, I hold myſelf bound in honour to ſhare every thing with Montgomery. I hope to live to ſee him in affluence, and what will make affluence deſirable to him, your huſband."

This warm praiſe of her lover obliterated the little diſpleaſure which the too great

volatility

volatility of her brother had momentarily excited; and while it reſtored him to her tenderneſs, redoubled the regret with which ſhe remembered that the globe itſelf would in a few months be between Montgomery and Cheſterville; that her parent and protector was mouldering in the boſom of the earth, and that ſhe ſhould, after the parting day, become deſolate and forlorn; relying only on the generous friendſhip of Sir Edward Newenden, who exerted it not without ill conſequence to himſelf.

So many afflicting reflections were enough to overwhelm ſtronger ſpirits, and a firmer heart than Ethelinde poſſeſſed. In the dejection which oppreſſed her, ſhe now wiſhed that ſhe had not ſo reſolutely refuſed to unite her fate with Montgomery, and even to accompany him to India; now fancied that it would have been better for her had ſhe determined to have gone to Jamaica with her brother and his wife. She ſat in ſpeechleſs ſor-

row

row by the breakfaſt table, where Victorine now joined her and Cheſterville; and where Sir Edward, who was uſually a very early riſer, ſoon after appeared.

If the girliſh levity of Victorine, elate with hope, and pleaſed with the thoughts of novelty, and the alacrity inſpired by the flattering proſpects of her brother, were ſo painful to the heavy melancholy of Ethelinde, the looks and countenance of Sir Edward were in perfect correſpondence. He ſeemed hardly able to ſpeak, while by a painful effort only he kept up a ſort of converſation with Cheſterville; received with friendly attention his acknowledgments for all the kindneſs he had ſhewn, and gave him excellent advice for the regulation of his future conduct, and his introduction to Mr. Harcourt, to whom Mrs. Montgomery and her ſon had given him letters. The mention of this gave Cheſterville occaſion to ſay that he could not go without ſeeing Montgomery; and that as ſoon as he knew he was to ſet

out

out that morning, he had informed him of it, and expected him there every moment.

Ethelinde grew paler than before at this intelligence. The miſery of that parting, which ſhe felt herſelf ſo unable to ſuſtain, was now to be prolonged, and to be heightened by becoming witneſs to the previous farewel that Montgomery was to take of her brother.

She had not, however, time to dwell on the proſpect of ſuch a ſcene before it was preſent to her; for Montgomery almoſt immediately entered the room. Sir Edward, who had remarked the change in Ethelinde's countenance at the very mention of his name, now caſt his penetrating looks towards her, and ſaw, with anguiſh, the mournful and heavy eyes which ſeemed to ſurvey, in mingled pity, tenderneſs, and deſpair, the face of Montgomery, where on ſtronger features the ſame paſſions were more forcibly expreſſed.

Montgo-

Montgomery ſeemed eager to ſpeak, as if to hide his confuſion and concern; but he hardly knew what he ſaid. In a few moments the ſervants, who had been placing the baggage in the chaiſe which Sir Edward had lent them, as being more convenient for travelling than an hired one, came to inform Mr. and Mrs. Cheſterville that every thing was ready.—"Once more then, dear Sir Edward," ſaid Cheſterville, who had now loſt his alert gaiety, "once more let me thank you, though words cannot do it, for all your friendſhip, and believe that the firſt purpoſe of my life is to ſhew my gratitude."

He wrung his hand; and Sir Edward advancing to ſalute Victorine, who thanked him in her broken Engliſh, Cheſterville turned towards Montgomery—"My dear Charles!" was all he could ſay for a moment: then recovering his voice, he added —"may happineſs and health be your's wherever you are! and may the time

very

very ſoon arrive when the virtue and goodneſs of Ethelinde ſhall repay the generous friendſhip you have ſhewn to her father and her brother! Sir Edward, till my beloved friend can claim her, to your protection I commend my ſiſter." He ſtepped forward towards Ethelinde and embraced her, but neither could ſpeak; he gave her hand, while ſhe ſeemed hardly able to breath, to Sir Edward, and then ran down ſtairs; and Montgomery, taking the hand of Victorine, haſtily put her into the chaiſe, and it immediately drove from the door.

Ethelinde heard it; and with a deep ſigh and a ſhower of tears recovering her voice—"they are gone!" ſaid ſhe, faintly.

"But I do not ſee, my dear Ethelinde," ſaid Sir Edward, who knew not that ſhe was now ſuffering all the anguiſh of a parting more terrible, "I do not ſee indeed why this departure ſhould ſo heavily afflict you. I rather hope, and there ſeems

to

to me to be every reaſon to believe, that what appears now ſo painful will be attended with the moſt fortunate conſequences."

"Yes, Sir Edward," replied ſhe, "I know all I owe you for having procured poor Harry's re-eſtabliſhment in the army, and for having ſent him where he has ſuch favourable proſpects."

"You owe me nothing, Ethelinde. The little I have been able to do would have been infinitely overpaid had it made you eaſier, or could it make you happy."

Montgomery, after Cheſterville's departure, had remained a moment below to recover himſelf; he now returned into the room. Sir Edward deſired him to ſit down; and ſpake of the friends of whom they had juſt taken leave with great regard. Montgomery, whoſe ſoul was torn with ſenſations of agony hardly to be endured, anſwered as well as he could; but Sir Edward ſaw his countenance agitated, and heard his voice tremble; and eaſily conceiving

conceiving that he ſought an opportunity of being alone with Ethelinde, he after a few moments prevailed on himſelf to leave, with the woman he adored, a favoured lover.

For ſome moments after he had left the room, Ethelinde and Montgomery were ſilent. At length the former, who found that ſhe muſt either ſhorten the ſcene or ſink under it, collected courage enough to ſay—"Does my dear Mrs. Montgomery continue determined to ſet out to day?"

"Yes," replied he, "ſhe does; and with her goes the unhappy man who is now come to bid you—ah! too probably, to bid you an eternal adieu!"

"No," anſwered the faultering and trembling Ethelinde, "we ſhall meet again: I am perſuaded we ſhall. Providence will protect the ſon ſo beloved, and reſtore him to his excellent mother."

"And what," ſaid Montgomery, interrupting her—"what ſhall reſtore him to happineſs if you forget him? Ethelinde! if

if ever you feel a wiſh to obliterate from your mind the idea of your baniſhed Montgomery, wiſh at the ſame moment that he may never live to know it."

"This is merely diſtreſſing me and yourſelf, Montgomery. If you think me ſo volatile, ſo incapable of real attachment, I am unworthy of the affection you profeſs for me. But you do *not* think it. You know that my heart is—ever muſt be yours: why muſt I repeat that it never had, never can have, another affection!"

"Oh! repeat it!" cried Montgomery, "Repeat it I beſeech you; and let me for one poor moment forget that I am going where I can hear it no more!"

"What ſhall I ſay?" aſked Ethelinde, "to make you as eaſy under our ſeparation as our ſituation will admit? Shall I give you the moſt ſolemn aſſurances that I will be yours or die unmarried? If ſuch aſſurances either ſpoken or written will afford you one moment's conſolation when you think of me——"

"No,"

"No," replied Montgomery, "I will not aſk either. If you continue to love me they will not ſtrengthen my claim to happineſs; and if—but I will not think of it—if another ſhould ever become more dear to you—the undone Montgomery would diſdain to retain a right to the hand of her whoſe heart diſowns him. Ethelinde! the memorials given and received by common lovers, can do nothing I know towards ſtrengthening an affection like ours: but you will indulge my weakneſs: there is a picture of you which was your father's; drawn, as I remember hearing him ſay, when you was about fifteen: give me that picture; that when ſuch an immenſe diſtance divides us, my eyes may dwell on the faint copy of thoſe features!"

A faint bluſh aroſe on the cheek of Ethelinde; and faultering ſhe ſaid—"Indeed, Montgomery, I would give you the picture with pleaſure—but I have not got it."

"Who

"Who has it then?" ſaid he eagerly. "Have you given it to Cheſterville?"

"No," replied Ethelinde, who by this queſtion had an opportunity of concealing the truth, had ſhe been capable of artifice, "but Sir Edward, who is fond of Meyer's miniatures, and thought that not only very like but extremely well painted, begged me to give it him."

"And Sir Edward then," cried Montgomery, "has it? Sir Edward wears it?"

"I do not believe he wears it. No, certainly, he has merely put it into a little cabinet where he keeps many others."

"Aſk it of him again. It cannot be of the value to him that it is to me. How *could* you ſo cruelly part with it?"

"How could I refuſe it to Sir Edward, to whom I owe ſo many obligations?"

"Obligations!" exclaimed Montgomery, riſing and walking to the other end of the room—"Obligations! Yes, I know their extent but too well! 'Tis theſe obligations which diſtract me! A divorce, which

which I am well informed he intends to ſue for, will give you an opportunity of acquitting yourſelf: and Montgomery, in Indoſtan, will be recollected only to wonder how you could ever give him hope!"

This was more than poor Ethelinde could ſuſtain. "Cruel! unjuſt Montgomery! Do you then really think ſo ill of me? do you really impute the generous conduct of Sir Edward towards us all to motives which he never, I believe, thought of? I hoped that Montgomery, himſelf ſo capable of generous and diſintereſted friendſhip, would never have ſuffered ſuch a miſconception of the nobleneſs exerted by another to enter his thoughts: I hoped that his affection for me was founded ſo much on his good opinion of my heart and my principles, that it could not give birth to a ſuſpicion and jealouſy as unworthy of himſelf as injurious to me."

Montgomery, who felt himſelf wrong and unreaſonable yet could not conquer the emotions of jealouſy which Sir Edward's attention

attention for Ethelinde had always given him, now apologized for what he was willing to allow unreaſonable, and now relapſed into diſcontented murmuring at his fate: but the picture, the picture, like the handkerchief of Othello, was ſtill not to be got over; till the weeping and diſtreſſed Ethelinde was at length compelled to promiſe that ſhe would aſk Sir Edward for it, and that when he came back from France he ſhould have it.

Having made her again and again repeat this promiſe, he now attempted to obtain her leave to ſee her then at the houſe of Miſs Newenden, and to receive it from her own hands. Ethelinde, though ſhe dreaded to think of this interview as the laſt they were to have before his ſailing for India, yet knew ſhe ought not to indulge him in this requeſt. She reſiſted it therefore as long as ſhe could; till quite overcome by the various emotions of diſtreſs which ſhe had undergone, ſhe heard him only with ſilent tears. At length he pretended

tended to believe he had obtained her conſent; and while he eagerly kiſſed her hand, told her that he by no means conſidered it as a laſt adieu; and then, as if willing to quit her while that hope prevented his relapſing into the frantic expreſſions of ſorrow in which he had before indulged himſelf, he hurried away; and Ethelinde with difficulty reached her own room; where ſhe remained till dinner, when ſhe tried to appear with tolerable calmneſs.

But the trials of this day were not yet over. Scarce had the form of dinner paſſed, of which only Miſs Newenden partook, when a violent rap at the door ſurpriſed them, as it was a very unuſual hour for viſitors. Sir Edward and Miſs Newenden had given general orders to be denied: but a voice was heard ſomewhat loud to echo through the hall, which was immediately known to be that of Mrs. Maltravers, ſaying—"Don't tell me; I know he is at home, and I *will* ſee him!"

"Good

"Good God!" cried Ethelinde, "it is Mrs. Maltravers."

"I declare I won't ſee her," ſaid Miſs Newenden. "I hate her, an affected, painted old puſs."

"There is no occaſion for either you or Ethelinde to ſee her," ſaid Sir Edward calmly; "her buſineſs is probably with me only."

A ſervant now entered to ſay that Mr. and Mrs. Maltravers had both left their coach and inſiſted on ſeeing Sir Edward. He directed that they ſhould be ſhewn into his ſtudy, and immediately went to them.

Miſs Newenden remained a moment with Ethelinde; of whoſe uneaſineſs ſhe took however no notice; only ſaid of her brother—"Theſe people are come, I ſuppoſe, to ſee if they can make up matters between Ned and his wife. Poor fellow, he'll be plagued with them, I ſuppoſe, the whole evening."

"Would to God," ſaid Ethelinde, "that

" that they might, however, ſucceed, and that Sir Edward could be prevailed upon to overlook the difference that has ariſen between him and Lady Newenden."

" He never explained to me," ſaid Miſs Newenden, " what it was that gave him ſuch offence. He was ſo much in an habit of bearing her inſolence and caprice, that I thought he would never have grown reſtive let her have done what ſhe would. I dare ſay that all this rearing and kicking will end in his being quiet again, and ſubmitting to the curb as gently as ever. Ned was always as ſoft hearted as a girl; and has no notion of taking the bit between his teeth and ſetting off, as I ſhould have done long ago, if I had been jaded by ſuch a vain, ill tempered, proud doll."

" Do not however," ſaid Ethelinde, " my dear Miſs Newenden, oppoſe a reconciliation if it can be brought about."

" Not I, upon my ſoul," anſwered ſhe. " I have not the leaſt intention either to

oppoſe or promote it. I wiſh Ned very happy; but I have no ſkill in judging what will make him ſo. No, I ſhall never give him any advice about his wife; not even my opinion of her. And perhaps, all things conſidered, he will be as much plagued in parting with her as in keeping her. I wiſh him well through it. What have you got to do to-night?" continued ſhe: "if you have much preparation to make you had better do it to-night, as I ſhall be off in the morning at ſeven."

Ethelinde, glad to be releaſed from a converſation ſhe was hardly able to ſupport, ſaid ſhe would go to prepare for ſo early a departure, and retired to her own room to reflect with anguiſh on the tranſactions of the day, and with anxiety on the ſituation of Sir Edward, who remained for ſome hours in conference with Mr. and Mrs. Maltravers.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VI.

AT the hour of ſupper, Ethelinde, whoſe ſolicitude for Sir Edward her own extreme unhappineſs could not leſſen, collected ſtrength enough to go down. She found Miſs Newenden alone in the eating parlour, and that her brother's viſitors were but juſt gone. In a few moments he came to them; and Ethelinde, accuſtomed by the innocent affection ſhe had ever felt for him to ſtudy and underſtand every change of his countenance, ſaw with infinite concern that he had ſuffered greatly in a conference which had removed no part of his unhappineſs. While the ſervants waited, however, he affected to talk with his ſiſter of her journey of the next day, and of other indifferent matters; but as ſoon as the table was cleared, and the ſervants withdrawn, Miſs Newenden, who never had

the leaſt notion of checking whatever ſhe had a mind to ſay, leſt it ſhould hurt the feelings of another, aſked him very abruptly what the Maltravers's had ſaid to him.

"You may gueſs," anſwered he, "that the purport of their viſit was to defend, excuſe, and falſify the conduct of their daughter; and by endeavouring to prove my opinion of her ill conduct erroneous, to prevail on me to believe I had injured her and induce me to ſolicit her return."

"And does this come from herſelf?" enquired Miſs Newenden, "or is it only the old folks who deſire to make you believe what they pleaſe?"

"Really Nelly," anſwered Sir Edward, "it is an affair in which I feel ſuch diſtracting contrariety of emotions that I hardly know how to ſpeak upon it."

"Nay I'm ſure I don't deſire to know more than you have a mind to tell me. You never knew me, brother, teize you with female curioſity."

"I am far from thinking your curioſity teizing,

teizing, my dear Ellen," ſaid Sir Edward, "but rather thank you for feeling an intereſt in my unhappineſs; nor can I blame the interpoſition of Mr. and Mrs. Maltravers: the former, either from his exceſſive attachment to his daughter, or from his wife's management, or perhaps from both, is blind and incredulous when any blame is imputed to her; and as to the old lady, ſhe knows that in her own vanity, folly and levity, her daughter ſaw at once an example and an excuſe: 'tis therefore natural enough for them both to plead for their daughter, and I could forgive them any thing their defence of her might urge them to ſay of me; but when they forget humanity, truth, candour, and integrity, ſo far as to aſſert what they do not themſelves believe, and to blaſt, as far as in their power, the character of the innocent and defenceleſs, I loſe my temper; and could I forgive Lady Newenden's conduct, which is impoſſible, I would liſten to no accommodation till they had publicly vindicated

thoſe whom they have ſo infamouſly aſperſed."

Ethelinde could not be ignorant that this related to her; and harraſſed and exhauſted as ſhe was, ſhe yet exerted herſelf enough to ſay—"Sir Edward! if you allude, as I apprehend, to what Mr. and Mrs. Maltravers have ſaid of *me*, and if that remains any impediment to a reconciliation between you and Lady Newenden, for God's ſake forget it: I truſt that the friends who love me never ſuffered their good opinion to be ſhaken by a report which thoſe who raiſed it did not themſelves believe. As to the world in general, it has by this time ſome other object of attention, and certainly cares not what becomes either of me or the report: make therefore no point with Mr. Maltravers about it, but be it ſuffered to die of itſelf; while I remain for the reſt of my life where I may never again diſturb the peace of my couſin and her family.

Sir Edward was extremely affected by the

the plaintive tenderneſs of her voice, and by the tears which ſlowly fell from her eyes while ſhe ſpoke. "No, Ethelinde!" cried he, taking her hand—"were it in my nature, which it is not, to accept a compromiſe where my own honor is concerned, I am urged by every motive that ought to have influence with me, to defend yours, and I *will* defend it to my laſt hour. Speak of it no more, my dear couſin, nor be thus deeply affected; innocence and goodneſs like yours have nothing to fear: but next in infamy to him who would deprive you of the reality of thoſe virtues, is the deſpicable wretch who would by falſehood and defamation obſcure their luſtre and their purity." He found himſelf too much moved; and unable to command his emotions, he roſe haſtily, and wiſhing them both a good night, told them he ſhould be with them at breakfaſt in the morning, and then left the room.

Ethelinde ſat with her handkerchief held to her eyes, leaning on the table. "Come, come,

come," ſaid Miſs Newenden, "lets have no more of this ſentimental ti tum ti nonſenſe. I'm really worn to death with it. What ſignifies crying? old women are always making miſchief; and as to that made up antiquity Mrs. Maltravers, ſhe hates you becauſe you are handſomer than either herſelf or her daughter; and they were both more jealous by half of Lord Danesforte, I dare ſwear, than ever they were of my brother. Never mind; pluck up a ſpirit, and ſhew them you don't care two pence for them, and then they'll be as civil as can be."

"It is not on my own account," ſighed Ethelinde, "that I am uneaſy, however injurious to me their proceedings have been; but I am miſerable when I think in how much trouble and anxiety his great goodneſs to my father and my brother has involved Sir Edward."

"Well but what good will being miſerable do? It can't make things better you know; and you will only fret yourſelf

ſick

ſick for nothing. If I was you, I would get myſelf well, that I might look handſome and catch ſome man of fortune, on purpoſe to ſhew Lady Newenden that her malice had done me no harm, and that Ned never had any attachment to you more than becauſe you was her relation."

Miſs Newenden was ſo utterly incapable of entering into the feelings and ſentiments of Ethelinde, that ſhe attempted not to convince her that this way of being revenged would make her decidedly miſerable: ſhe therefore only thanked Miſs Newenden for the intereſt ſhe took in her welfare, and haſtened to bed; where, amidſt all the pain ſhe had ſuffered in the courſe of the day, that of having parted with Montgomery *for ever* was ſo much the moſt ſevere, that every other anxiety vaniſhed before it. It would indeed have left her no power to have ſupported herſelf the reſt of the day, if a latent hope that ſhe ſhould once again ſee him before he left Europe had not lingered in her boſom; and while

ſhe wept over their parting as final, ſhe involuntarily flattered herſelf that he would, notwithſtanding her refuſal to conſent to it, ſee her on his return from France.

How to aſk Sir Edward for a picture which ſhe had given him, and on which ſhe knew he ſet ſo high a value, ſhe knew not; yet to diſappoint Montgomery after the ſolemn promiſe ſhe had given him, was yet more impoſſible: after much deliberation ſhe determined to aſk Sir Edward for it the next morning, that ſhe might leave it in town to be copied. She foreſaw that this might introduce a converſation relative to Montgomery, which ſhe wiſhed to avoid; but as no alternative remained, and ſhe could not for a moment ſupport the thoughts of diſappointing him or raiſing anew his uneaſineſs on the ſubject of Sir Edward, ſhe fixed on this plan; and as ſhe knew he had never ſeen the picture above twice, and that ſhe could have it very exactly copied, ſhe believed he would not diſtinguiſh it from the original; and

ſhould

ſhould by this means gratify Montgomery without appearing capricious and ungrateful to Sir Edward Newenden.

The various agitations ſhe had gone through during the day, had entirely exhauſted her ſpirits; and in deſpite of her uneaſineſs ſhe fell into a ſlumber, in which, however, the image of Montgomery, in diſtreſs and in deſpair, attempting amidſt rocks, precipices, ſtorms, and darkneſs, to reach her, haunted her imagination. Now, ſhe fancied ſhe ſaw his mother in all the agonies of maternal ſorrow, weeping for his death, and accuſing her as having been the cauſe of it; and now, that in the midſt of a tempeſtuous ſea ſhe beheld him ſtruggling for life, and holding out his hands towards her and towards his mother, who had neither of them the power to ſave him. Theſe images had been produced, not only by the perturbation of her mind but by her having recalled to her memory before ſhe ſlept all the ſcenes ſhe had paſſed through with Montgomery, from the firſt moment

of

of their meeting in the ſtorm on the banks of Graſmere Water, to the laſt hour of their parting: his ſaving her when ſhe fell from the boat; his generous friendſhip to her brother; the ſympathizing tenderneſs with which he attended with her on her dying father; all had been recollected and reviewed with that painful delight that the heart of fond ſuſceptibility feels in dwelling on the excellence it glories in loving, while agonized with the dread of eternal ſeparation.

While ſleep gave to Ethelinde only the unrefreſhing exchange of vague and imaginary terrors for painful certainties, Sir Edward Newenden, to whom even ſuch a reſpite from corroſive reflections was denied, was arguing himſelf into at leaſt the appearance of compoſure againſt the next day; when he was to take leave of her to whom his heart was ſo fondly attached that he felt the ſeparation as a deprivation of his exiſtence; and when he was to determine on what conduct he ſhould purſue in regard

regard to Lady Newenden, whom he at once lamented and deſpiſed, pitied and ſcorned; whom he now thought of with tenderneſs as the mother of his children and now with indignation as her who had diſgraced and deſerted them.

Neither the behaviour of Mr. Maltravers nor of his wife had ſerved to conciliate and ſoften Sir Edward. Weak in regard to Lady Newenden, but hard, unfeeling, and ſevere towards every body elſe; elate with the conſciouſneſs of immenſe wealth, and proudly ſenſible of the conſequence it ought to give him with a man whoſe embarraſſed affairs had been retrieved by having married his daughter, Mr. Maltravers had at firſt aſſumed with Sir Edward a tone of remonſtrance and ſharp expoſtulation: he now reſented what was paſt, now dictated what ſhould be done in future; ſometimes defended Lady Newenden, and ſometimes allowed that it was poſſible ſhe might have been driven into ſome degree of indiſcretion by the eviden: and impro-

per

per partiality which Sir Edward had ſhewn to her couſin.

Sir Edward had heard him for the moſt part with great coolneſs; but when Ethelinde was ſo injuriouſly named he loſt his temper. Then Mrs. Maltravers, affecting to believe his warmth aroſe from his conſciouſneſs of the truth of what her huſband had ſaid, declaimed againſt the art and the wickedneſs of poor Ethelinde till ſhe actually ſcolded; and nothing but the authority of Maltravers could ſtop the torrent of female eloquence with which ſhe aſſailed her ſon in law, making up in noiſe and volubility what ſhe wanted in reaſon and truth.

When Maltravers could prevail upon her to be a moment ſilent, he with more gravity detailed all the inſtances Sir Edward had ſhewn of attachment to the Cheſterville family.—"You cannot impoſe upon *me*, Sir Edward," ſaid he: "*I* have ſeen, let me tell you, a great deal of the world, and I think I know mankind well. I cannot

I cannot therefore liſten at all—indeed, Sir Edward, I cannot, to all theſe pretences of diſintereſted friendſhip to your wife's family. Don't I know that nobody cares even for their *own* family, and that a man now wont lend his own brother an hundred pounds without ſome good that may come of it to himſelf, nor without ſecurity; why then ſhould you ſo laviſhly lend a conſiderable ſum, or rather give it, for you'll never get it again; no, you'll never ſee a guinea of it; why ſhould you give it to the Cheſterville's? people whom you were only diſtantly connected with: let me tell you, Sir Edward, you had no right to do it, and it was very plain you conſidered them more than my daughter's children, though they in fact have the only claim to it, or than my daughter herſelf."

"I am very ſorry, Sir," ſaid Sir Edward, "that you have ſeen ſo much of the worſt ſide of human nature as to believe that no man ſerves a fellow creature in diſtreſs but from ſome ſelfiſh motive; allow

allow me, however, to aſſure you that had no ſuch perſon as Miſs Cheſterville exiſted I ſhould equally have done what I did for the Colonel; and as to the money, if, by an arrangement of his affairs which I hope to get through, I never am repaid it, let me inform you, Mr. Maltravers, that it was my own, and lay in my banker's hands, out of the produce of my eſtates, and from the legacy given by an aunt, as you well know. The money never was your's, Sir, or your daughter's: Lady Newenden took care to diſpoſe of all ſhe had any right to in another manner; mine I choſe rather to uſe in aſſiſting the worthy in diſtreſs, than to loſe at play to the vicious and the profligate."

"Your money! the produce of *your* eſtates, Sir, and the amount of a legacy? and pray what ſaved your eſtates? what but your marriage with my daughter? and what got you a legacy of ſix thouſand pounds from your aunt but your being likely to eſtabliſh your family conſequence?

Had

Had you been poor, you know very well ſhe would have given all of it, inſtead of half, to your ſiſter; therefore in fact you owe even that to your marriage; and to hear you talk of arranging Cheſterville's affairs, and of a probability of being repaid the money, is really enough to provoke a ſtone: you know in your own heart that he died not worth ſixpence, that you buried him at your own expence, and afterwards bought his ſon a commiſſion, and now ſupports his daughter, and all for diſintereſted friendſhip. No, no, Sir Edward, ſuch a pretence can take in nobody but children; theſe are no times for romantic generoſity; and though you may gain credit for it with boys at college, or boarding ſchool girls, the world, Sir Edward, knows better, and you can no more make it believe ſuch a ſtory than you can make me believe it who have acquired a tolerable competency by ſome years of laborious application in India, and know ſomething of the value of money."

Thus,

Thus, for the greater part of the time, Sir Edward could not make either Maltravers or his wife recede from the prejudice they had taken up as to his motives for having ſo warmly befriended the family of Ethelinde. Finding, however, that they were incapable of generoſity and candour, he alarmed their pride by proteſting that their invidious conduct had determined him on a point which had hitherto been doubtful with him, and that he would now attempt that from which tenderneſs for his children had hitherto withheld him; and by publicly proving that he complained not without reaſon of Lady Newenden, vindicate at once his honor and that of the innocent perſon whom ſhe and her friends and aſſociates had ſtigmatized to ſcreen or excuſe themſelves.

Maltravers, while he either was or affected to be blind to the truth, yet could not help feeling the evil conſequences to his daughter with which even the attempt to eſtabliſh her culpability would be attended;

tended; and Mrs. Maltravers knew ſo well that there was foundation for his ſuſpicions, that ſhe thought it too hazardous to dare him to the proof. The ſteady and cool manner in which he declared his determination, and their knowledge of his temper, which, though mild, cool, and deliberate, was, when thoroughly rouſed, warm and inflexibly reſolute, made them both have recourſe to what they ſhould firſt have tried, ſoothing and conciliation rather than reproach and invective. All, however, that could be obtained of Sir Edward was, that he would do nothing raſhly, and that if Lady Newenden could clear her conduct of the ſuſpicions which reſted upon it from her behaviour at Danesforte, Sir Edward would receive her, and that all ſhould be forgotten on both ſides that could tend to recall the diſagreeable events of the laſt two months. This conceſſion was rather extorted from Sir Edward Newenden than chearfully granted. They left him, however, when they had obtained it; and

had

had then a much harder taſk to encounter; which was, to perſuade Lady Newenden of the neceſſity of a reconciliation which ſhe was far from deſiring, and which her offended pride, and her diſappointed ambition (that had aſpired to a marriage with Lord Danesforte) equally prevented her from ſoliciting.

The ſoul of Sir Edward was, during the whole night, the prey of the moſt torturing reflections. To quit Ethelinde for ever; to be denied even the delight of ſeeing her, and of being entitled to her gentle confidence and her intereſting gratitude; to receive again the woman whoſe heart he knew was wholly eſtranged from him, and of whoſe perſonal fidelity he had ſo much reaſon to doubt; to ſubject himſelf again to the uneaſineſs Lady Newenden's ill temper and rage for diſſipation had before involved him in; was a reſolution difficult to take, and would be found, he feared, ſtill more difficult to keep. On the other hand, he could not continue to indulge himſelf with

with the company of Ethelinde without injury to her; nor had the imperfections and errors of Lady Newenden ſo entirely eraſed the tenderneſs he once felt for her, but that to throw her off for ever would be attended with great pain. While he thought of her, proud, inſolent, unfeeling, loſing her fame among gameſters and men of intrigue, he fancied he could expel her for ever from his heart and his thoughts; but when the once fair, blooming, artleſs Maria, who had preferred him to all mankind; when the mother of his beautiful children preſented herſelf in ſofter colours to his imagination, he was ready to accuſe himſelf of cruelty, and to aſk his own heart whether its paſſion for another had not betrayed him into injuſtice, and laid him open to ſuſpicion; then, however, all he had ſeen of her infatuation for the company of Lord Danesforte, of the dauntleſs effrontery with which ſhe had diſdained alike to conſult either his peace of mind or the opinion of the world, occurred to him, and he blamed himſelf

himſelf for the facility with which he had long borne it, and deſpiſed himſelf for the puſillanimity with which he but a moment before was perſuading himſelf again to embrace the yoke and to forget the cauſes which urged him to throw it off.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VII.

THE morning brought with it only accumulated anguiſh for Sir Edward. He attempted to appear gay becauſe he could not be tranquil: but his ſmile was the forced effort of ſtifled deſpair; and while he affected to talk of indifferent matters the broken and incoherent ſentences faultered on his tongue. Ethelinde ſaw how wretched he was, with concern little ſhort of his own; and dreaded to aſk for the picture, which, however reluctantly, her promiſe to Montgomery compelled her to do. Miſs Newenden, however, left them not alone; and Ethelinde, heſitating and fearful, at length ſaid—"Sir Edward, you have a little miniature which was my poor father's: a friend of mine is deſirous of having a copy of it. Will you be ſo good as to lend it me that I may ſend it to a

perſon who paints miniatures for that purpoſe?"

"A friend wants a copy of it? May I aſk to whom you mean to grant ſuch an indulgence?"

"Certainly you may aſk; and I never will deceive you: the copy is for Mr. Montgomery."

Sir Edward changed countenance; but ſaid, as calmly as he could—"I will fetch the picture, Ethelinde; perhaps you may chuſe to give Mr. Montgomery that rather than a copy. If ſo, I am ſure *my* wiſh to keep it ought to yield to his and your's."

He ſuppreſſed a ſigh, and aroſe. Ethelinde, who could not bear to ſee him unhappy, anſwered—"No, Sir Edward, if it is of the leaſt value to you as a good miniature I would by no means take it." She was confuſed, and hardly knew what ſhe ought to ſay. Sir Edward left the room, but inſtantly returned with the miniature in his hand.—"Here is the picture, Ethelinde," ſaid he. She took it, and ſaid, in a hurrying

hurrying voice—"I thank you, I will ſend it to be copied, and direct that it may be reſtored to you."

Sir Edward felt that it were wiſer not to retain it; but he could not prevail on himſelf to reſign it to Montgomery. He anſwered not: but again reaſſuming his place at the breakfaſt table, forced a converſation on the manner in which his ſiſter would paſs the reſt of the winter. By this time the chaiſe was at the door; and the three little Newendens were brought in to take leave of their aunt and Ethelinde.

To the departure of the former, who never ſhewed them the leaſt attention, they were quite indifferent: but they all were very fond of Ethelinde; and the eldeſt boy hung about her, and entreated her not to go.—"Pray don't leave us, couſin Ethy, pray don't; but ſtay and love George, and me, and Maria, now we have no Mama!"

"No, dear Edward," anſwered Ethelinde, while her eyes filled with tears, "I cannot ſtay now, but I will come another

time." She embraced the little boy, who with difficulty could be diſengaged from her arms, and kiſſed tenderly the other two. Miſs Newenden ſaying—" Come, are you ready, Ethy?" ſhe faintly anſwered—" yes!" and riſing, turned towards Sir Edward, who remained as if fixed to his chair, his eyes rivetted on Ethelinde and his boy, and his countenance pale and dejected. " Good bye, dear Ned," ſaid Miſs Newenden. He ſtarted, aroſe, and kiſſed her. " A good journey, and health to you, my ſiſter, ſaid he. He would then have approached to ſalute Ethelinde; but unable to conquer the violence of concern he felt at ſeeing her thus depart, he was conſcious that he ſhould betray it to the ſervants who were in waiting; he checked himſelf, therefore, and ſeizing her hand, preſſed it to his lips, and then haſtened away, ſaying, in a voice which betrayed all he tried to conceal—" You will both forgive my not attending you to the chaiſe."

Ethe-

Ethelinde now followed Miſs Newenden down, and they immediately departed. The latter, except on particular topics, ſeldom talked much; and Ethelinde, who could not ſpeak on them, was left at liberty to reflect on her own ſituation, to carry her thoughts to the travellers who were by this time in France, and with pain to recall the ſtate of mind in which ſhe had juſt left her friend and benefactor.

Miſs Newenden travelled rapidly, and they were ſoon at Brackwood Down. The miſtreſs of the houſe welcomed thither her melancholy gueſt with her uſual careleſs kindneſs, and then went to inſpect into that which intereſted her moſt—the condition of her horſes. After having ſatisfied herſelf in that eſſential buſineſs, ſhe returned into the houſe; and while their ſupper paſſed, queſtioned the ſervant who attended on all the occurrences of the hunts that had paſſed during her abſence. The man, as he waited, deſcribed with great exactneſs the circumſtances of each. In

what cover they found, whither they ran, and who was in and who thrown out at the death: a detail which ſeemed to communicate great pleaſure to his lady. The converſation ended only with the removal of the table cloth; and then, as Miſs Newenden was to ariſe at five the next morning to hunt, ſhe propoſed, and Ethelinde moſt gladly embraced the propoſal, to retire immediately to their beds.

The calm tranquillity of the country, and the long fatigue of body and mind which Ethelinde had undergone, contributed to procure her a more comfortable ſleep than ſhe had long enjoyed. When ſhe awoke the next morning, ſhe found Miſs Newenden had been gone above two hours; and glad to enjoy entire ſolitude, ſhe aroſe, and having breakfaſted alone, went out to ſurvey the environs of her new abode. The habitation of Miſs Newenden had been a large farm houſe, and was awkwardly contrived; but it was well fitted up by its preſent tenant, and had been

ſaſhed, repaired, and furniſhed with plain but handſome furniture. It ſtood in a bottom, amid very extenſive and unequal downs, which now wore a ruſſet brown except where long lines of wheat broke the dull uniformity of turf in it's winter hue; and here and there a ſcar of chalk, or a ſpot ſown with turnips, and folded with ſheep, diverſified the landſcape. A few ragged hawthorns, bending from the ſouth weſt, were ſcattered over the ſlopes; but other trees there were none, ſave only two or three old elms which grew about the houſe. Behind it was a kitchen garden encloſed within a flint wall, and before it a long unincloſed lawn that wound among the hills, and terminated only in the ſtable yard, about which all that is requiſite for the conveniency of horſes was amply provided. The ſtables had been repaired, and part of them new built at a great expence; and they were inhabited by a ſet of capital hunters, and a proportionable number of grooms and helpers.

This part of Miſs Newenden's eſtabliſhment could give no pleaſure to Ethelinde; but in the preſent ſtate of her mind ſhe was ſoothed and conſoled by the wild and gloomy ſolitude, where ſhe hoped to have many hours, in which, uninterrupted by the tedious forms of common life, ſhe could dream of happineſs and Montgomery.

And in this hope ſhe was not for ſome time diſappointed. Miſs Newenden paſſed almoſt every morning abroad; came home to dinner about five o'clock; and as ſhe never worked, and very ſeldom read, ſhe frequently ſlept on a ſopha for ſome hours in the evening to recover the fatigue of the early part of the day. Thus Ethelinde was not compelled to exert herſelf to find converſation, and Miſs Newenden was civil without giving her room to think that her company was either a burthen or a pleaſure to her.

About half a mile beyond the houſe the downs roſe to a great height, and the horizon this elevated ſpot commanded was bounded

bounded by the ſea at the diſtance of about ſix miles. This ſoon became the favorite walk of Ethelinde; and hither ſhe repaired whenever the weather would allow, and ſeating herſelf on the twiſted root of an old thorn, would contemplate, with a degree of melancholy ſatisfaction, the ocean which now ſeparated her from Montgomery, and on whoſe ſtormy boſom he was ſo ſoon to be conveyed to ſuch a fearful diſtance from her and his native country.

Fondly, however, as her ideas purſued her abſent lover, they failed not frequently to turn with grateful ſolicitude towards Sir Edward Newenden. He had determined at firſt not to write to her, or aſk to hear from her; that by ceaſing to ſtudy her perfections either in her converſation or her letters, he might try what that ſelf denial could do towards extinguiſhing a paſſion that ſerved only to render him miſerable; for her affection for Montgomery he now thought ſo certain, that he no longer dared to dwell on the poſſibility of her becoming

his with any hope that ſhe could become ſo by choice; and every thing therefore concurred to ſhew the neceſſity of his conquering the hopeleſs tenderneſs he had too long indulged.

This forbearance, however, was too hard a taſk for him long to perſevere in it: he wrote to Miſs Newenden, as uſual, ſhort accounts of himſelf and his children, and contented himſelf with ſending to Ethelinde only affectionate compliments. In anſwer to theſe letters he hoped to have ſome account of the manner of their paſſing their time, and of the health and ſpirits of Ethelinde; but Miſs Newenden, who hated to write, ſometimes entirely neglected it, and when ſhe took the trouble to do it, her letters were ſo ſhort and unſatisfactory, that Sir Edward became reſtleſs and uneaſy, and at length broke through the reſolution he had formed and wrote to Ethelinde herſelf. Near a fortnight had now elapſed, and the life of Ethelinde had paſſed in the ſame quiet uniformity. She had juſt received a letter

letter from Mrs. Montgomery, dated from Paris, whither her ſon had accompanied her, and informing her that ſhe was then on the inſtant departing for Lyons, and Montgomery on his return to England. The ſame poſt had brought one from Sir Edward, relating the farther meaſures taken by Mr. and Mrs. Maltravers to effectuate a re-union. Lady Newenden was with them at their Berkſhire houſe; but had herſelf given Sir Edward no reaſon to believe that ſhe was deſirous of the reconciliation which her parents were ſo anxious to promote. Having once taken up his pen to write to Ethelinde, he gave way to the pleaſure of indulging that friendly confidence which he loved to repoſe in her, and opened to her all his heart ſo far as related to the diſtracting contention which tore it in regard to his wife; and Ethelinde ſaw with renewed uneaſineſs that his mind was preyed upon by a thouſand contradictory paſſions which he could neither conquer nor terminate. Her own anxiety was awakened by the return of

Montgomery to England: she trembled at the thoughts of seeing him again when so certain that it would be the last time before his long voyage; and yet found that if he did not come she should be most completely wretched. Every voice she heard in the house made her heart palpitate; every distant horseman who passed across the wide downs, her eyes eagerly followed; she trembled when she fancied that she saw in the passing traveller a resemblance to his figure and his dress, yet when convinced that the approaching figure was some stranger, she felt mortified, and turned away to bewilder herself with conjectures, or indulge herself in tears.

The high ground which commanded the sea, presented, on the other sides, distant views over the country. Thither Ethelinde now repaired with greater eagerness than ever; and notwithstanding the bleakness of the situation, which exposed her to the severe winds usual towards the end of February, she passed many hours every morning

morning there, watching, and at once fearing and hoping the arrival of him on whom her fancy dwelt with ſtill encreaſing tenderneſs.

On the third or fourth of theſe mornings, ſhe ſaw advancing towards the houſe, two gentlemen on horſeback, attended by two ſervants; and while ſhe fancied, though ſhe was far from them, that the figure of one of them was known to her, a pack of fox-hounds, with their huntſman and attendants, iſſued from behind a hill in the ſame direction, and they all proceeded to Brackwood Down. Ethelinde ſaw their deſtination with concern; for ſhe was pretty well perſuaded that one of the gentlemen was Davenant. She returned to the houſe, and found that ſhe was not miſtaken: Davenant was in the parlour with Miſs Newenden, who almoſt at the ſame moment came back from a ſucceſsleſs hunt, the morning being froſty and unfavourable. There alſo was a gentleman his friend, a Mr. Woolaſton, well known to

Miſs

Miſs Newenden by fame as the completeſt ſportſman in England; and who having glorioufly parted with an eſtate of near three thouſand pounds a year, had now nothing to do but to lend his experience in dogs and horſes to thoſe who could ſtill afford to keep them in *ſtyle*.

Before the entrance of Ethelinde, it had been ſettled, that Davenant, his friend, his horſes and his hounds, ſhould remain a few days at Brackwood. They were paſſing from his eſtate in the Weſt to another he poſſeſſed in Suſſex, where he intended to conclude the hunting ſeaſon; but the invitation of Miſs Newenden delayed their progreſs; and Ethelinde had the mortification to ſee her former lover, now infinitely more diſagreeable to her than ever, and Mr. Woolaſton, who appeared to be confident, preſumptuous, and noiſy, eſtabliſhed for ſome days at leaſt in the houſe, of which hitherto quietneſs had been the ſole recommendation.

Though there was, in the opinion of Ethelinde

Ethelinde, an evident impropriety in Miſs Newenden's receiving ſuch gueſts, yet, a viſitor only, ſhe had no right to object to it; and knew that if ſhe had courage to remonſtrate it would avail nothing, as Miſs Newenden was as careleſs of the opinion as inſenſible to the feelings of others. Nothing remained, therefore, but ſilent acquieſcence; and to arm herſelf with ſome degree of pride and coldneſs againſt the ſupercilious airs which Davenant thought proper to aſſume on meeting her again, and the forward and diſguſting freedom with which his friend addreſſed her.

Miſs Newenden, whom their converſation, particularly that of Woolaſton, gratified and amuſed the whole evening, was uncommonly gay and good humoured; and in ſpeaking of their plan for the next day, ſhe ſaid—"Come, Ethy, I have long wiſhed to get you out; 'twill do you fifty times more good, child, than moping at home by yourſelf. If you've a mind to go with us to-morrow, we ſhall throw off

quite

quite near home, only in Weſtbourn covers, and about the hangers, and you ſhall have the ſnap mare, who will carry a child of a year old."

"You are very good," replied Ethelinde; "but I am afraid I ſhall be the means of interrupting your pleaſure by an experiment which will afford me none."

"Oh! no," replied Miſs Newenden, "'twill not interrupt us, for we ſhall go on juſt as if you were not there. Nobody ever ſtands upon ceremony, you know, in the field; and if you don't like to follow the hounds, James or Frank ſhall ſtay with you, and you may come back to the houſe when you're tired."

Ethelinde, who had been little accuſtomed to ride on horſeback, ſtill would have declined being of the party; but Miſs Newenden, contrary to her uſual cuſtom in ſuch caſes, ſeeming to make a point of it, ſhe at length complied, and the ſnap mare was ordered to be ready for her in the morning.

Miſs

Miſs Newenden, ſoon after ſupper, left the two gentlemen to their wine, and with Ethelinde retired for the night. They were hardly got up ſtairs before Davenant thus addreſſed his friend.

"Well, Jack, what doſt think of Nelly Newenden?"

"I think her an hard favoured, maſculine, diſagreeable-looking thing. T'other is as lovely a creature as ever I ſaw."

"Aye," replied Davenant, "I thought her ſo once."

"Thought her ſo once! why—was ſhe ever handſomer than ſhe is now?"

"No, I don't know that ſhe was; but I was a boy, and a fool, and fancied that I ſhould have been proud to have married her. I'm curſed glad that I altered my mind, for I think now I ſhould have been deviliſh ſick of the yoke."

"Egad!" cried Woolaſton, "you was more prudent than I ſhould have been. If I could afford to marry at all, I ſhould like her myſelf. Has ſhe any caſh?"

"Not

"Not a ſingle ſous. No, no, Jack, ſhe wont ſuit you, believe me. If you want money, look to the lady of the houſe; ſhe has the yellow boys."

"Has ſhe faith?" exclaimed Woolaſton. "To what amount, Tom?"

"Oh! to the tune of two or three and twenty thouſand pounds, or more for aught I know. She had ſix or ſeven given her not long ago by an aunt."

"The devil ſhe has?"

"Yes; and nobody to conſult. Suppoſe, Jack, you try your luck with her."

"Why faith 'tis no bad thought. You know, Tom, how neceſſary a ſupply of the ready begins to be to me; but d'ye think ſhe'd liſten to me?"

"Why you may as well try the experiment. If any man ſucceeds with her, it will be one to whom ſhe can entruſt the government of her ſtud as well as herſelf."

"Zounds I'd rather take the ſtud and leave the woman. Why ſhe looks like a ſtable boy, and talks ſtill more like one.

If

If the lovely Ethelinde now had three and twenty thouſand pounds I ſhould have no qualms."

"But I tell you that the lovely Ethelinde has not three and twenty pence."

"Well; but if I were to ſwallow the bitter pill of matrimony, gilt with Miſs Newenden's gold, d'ye think that ſweet girl would remain in the houſe ſtill by way of humble companion to my ſpouſe?"

"That I cannot tell; but 'tis likely; for you know Sir Edward is ſuppoſed to be by no means indifferent to her."

"Oh! then this is the girl that they ſay has occaſioned the parting between Sir Edward Newenden and his wife?"

"The very ſame."

"Egad I'm glad of that. Perhaps then ſhe is a fixture in the family. But to be in earneſt, Tom: d'ye think one might neigh out civilities to this female Nimrod with a likelihood of being heard favourably? Three and twenty thouſand pounds would ſet a man off again without danger of croſſing

croſſing and joſtling by d——d impudent troubleſome raſcals of creditors."

The dialogue ended by Davenant's adviſing Woolaſton to try at leaſt the favorable opinion of Miſs Newenden, on which he agreed ſeriouſly to reflect; and then pouring out a bumper, he deſired Davenant to drink to his future lady, and her lovely companion. Again and again the glaſſes were filled to the health of the latter; and as the wine mounted into their heads, each talked loudly and laviſhly in praiſe of the perſonal charms of Ethelinde. The charms of her underſtanding, and the goodneſs of her heart, they were incapable of feeling. Davenant, whoſe former admiration of her beauty the warm encomiums of Woolaſton had awakened, began to conſider, as well as the preſent ſtate of his head would give him leave, whether, humbled and reduced as ſhe was, he might not now addreſs her with leſs honourable views than he had formerly profeſſed, without danger of a repulſe; and Woolaſton, with

equal

equal power of reflection, formed a plan of attack the next morning. He was now in a ſituation which afforded him very uncomfortable proſpects; and was much ſtruck with the probability of changing thoſe dreary views, and of being re-eſtabliſhed in ſome degree of affluence if he could marry Miſs Newenden: profligate and unprincipled, his connection with Davenant was merely that which intereſt compelled him to form; and ſo unſtable and unſafe is the friendſhip of the diſſolute, that while Woolaſton hoped by means of Davenant to be recommended to an opulent alliance, he with equal avidity conſidered the probability there might be of engaging Ethelinde as a miſtreſs for his friend; in which caſe he thought he was ſecure of obtaining ſome degree of her favour for himſelf. With theſe honourable projects the ſportſmen at length retired to their rooms.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT day-break the party were aſſembled on horſeback in the ſtable yard, all but Ethelinde, who in a few moments joined them, and was aſſiſted by the grooms to mount the horſe provided for her; for Davenant ſtill remained at an haughty diſtance; and Woolaſton, who had now time to arrange and digeſt his plan, kept cloſe to Miſs Newenden, and affected to take no notice of any other perſon.

They all ſallied forth together, towards a copſe which edged the hill at about three miles from the houſe. There, as it was a famous fox cover, they had little doubt of finding; and in a few moments after the hounds entered it, the fox broke the cover, and took over the downs, followed by the pack, by the horſemen, and Miſs Newenden.

Ethelinde,

Ethelinde, who felt no manner of delight in a purſuit that appeared to afford them ſo much, endeavoured to check the mare ſhe rode, and to prevent her galloping after the reſt; but after ſome ineffectual efforts to this purpoſe, the creature, who had frequently carried Miſs Newenden, and was full of ſpirit, began to rear and prance: Ethelinde ſat it tolerably well; but the groom who was left to attend her aſſuring her that if ſhe gave the mare her head no harm could come to her, as ſhe would only canter gently, ſhe ceaſed any attempts to ſtop her, and in a moment was carried away with the ſwiftneſs of the wind.

All ſhe could now do was to exert the little ſkill ſhe was miſtreſs of, in order to keep the ſaddle: light and active, ſhe ſucceeded tolerably well, notwithſtanding her fright: but in the midſt of her career ſhe was ſtruck by the figure of Montgomery ſtanding near the place where ſhe flew ſwiftly and involuntarily along. He ſeemed

to

to gaze on her with aſtoniſhment and terror; and his ſudden appearance depriving her of all recollection except that which led her to wiſh herſelf with him, ſhe diſengaged her foot from the ſtirrup, and letting fall the bridle, threw herſelf from the ſaddle; but ſome part of her dreſs being entangled on the pummel, and the horſe ſtill proceeding with great velocity, ſhe was thrown down with violence, and fell with ſuch force againſt the ground (which was yet hardened by the froſt of the preceding day) that ſhe remained there ſenſeleſs.

Montgomery, whom ſhe had left about an hundred yards behind her, darted towards the ſpot in an angony of apprehenſion not to be deſcribed; and lifting her up, he found her face covered with blood, her eyes cloſed, and the paleneſs of death on her lips, from which no breath iſſued to aſſure him that ſhe yet lived.

Frantic with fear, he wildly called to the ſervant, entreating him to fly for aſſiſtance; but

but the fellow was already out of hearing; for knowing how angry his miſtreſs would be if any accident happened to the ſnap mare, he attended more to the preſervation of his place than the preſervation of Miſs Cheſterville. Montgomery then remained alone on a wide down, where no human habitation or human creature appeared, holding in his arms the woman he adored to diſtraction, who ſeemed to his terrified imagination to be torn from him for ever.

Stunned by the fall, Ethelinde remained ſome moments inſenſible; and Montgomery, who had thrown himſelf on the ground to ſupport her, in a ſtate of mind bordering on frenzy. He had no means of aſſiſting her recovery: he could not leave her to obtain it, and he ſaw nobody near him to procure that help for want of which he believed her dying. She began to breathe however, and at length opened her eyes: "Speak to me, Ethelinde," cried Montgomery—"Speak to me, I conjure you; tell me you are not mortally hurt."

Her

Her recollection, which the ſhock had deprived her of, now returned. "I know not," ſaid ſhe faintly, "whether I am hurt to death; but if I am, I die content in your arms, and my laſt hour will be the happieſt of my life."

The trembling and languid voice in which this ſhort ſentence was with difficulty uttered, redoubled all the terrors of Montgomery, and the unreſerved tenderneſs it expreſſed ſeemed to ſhew him the value of that life which he believed it was impoſſible to preſerve. At this moment his eyes wildly explored the whole extent of country around him; and at length he ſaw a human form, but at ſo great a diſtance, that it was with difficulty he diſtinguiſhed it to be a ſhepherd attending on his flock, and he deſpaired of making himſelf heard.

"Let me," cried he to Ethelinde, "let me go to procure, by the means of a man whom I ſee yonder, a conveyance for you home, that help may be no longer delayed."

"Do

"Do not abandon me," replied ſhe: "I am ſo giddy that I fear my ſenſes are again leaving me: perhaps I am dying; be not too much concerned, deareſt Montgomery, if it ſhould be ſo; remember that this was to have been a ſeparation as cruel, perhaps more cruel than that which death itſelf can inflict. If I am now to depart, much anxiety, much miſery you may eſcape. Your noble heart, however it may mourn my loſs, will no longer in another hemiſphere ache with fear or ſink with deſpondence, when you think on your unhappy Ethelinde."

"Diſtraction!" cried Montgomery, "What ſhall I do? While I deliberate, ſhe dies. No, think not I would a moment ſurvive you! Why would you run this riſk? Fool that I was ever to part with you!" He now called as loudly as he could to the ſhepherd; and the wind ſetting that way, the man at length looked towards them; but having no idea of what was the matter, he contented himſelf with

ſtaring at them a moment, and then went on with wattling his fold.

Montgomery now took off his hat and waved it in the air, again hallowing with all his force; and in a few moments he ſaw the man ſtriding towards them. As ſoon as he came within diſtinct hearing, Montgomery entreated him to make more ſpeed; and as he nearly approached them—"Friend," cried he, "this lady has fallen from her horſe, and is much hurt; for God's ſake go to Brackwood, and ſend hither the ſervants with a carriage to convey her home. Go, inſtantly go, and I will reward you amply."

The man ſtood with his hat in one hand, while with the other he ſcratched his head. "*Fall'd* from his horſe, have ſhe," ſaid he in his booriſh dialect. "Aye, I wonder they never none of them got a tumble before." "Don't talk, for God's ſake," cried Montgomery, whom the leaſt delay rendered diſtractedly impatient, "but run, and take this for your trouble."

The

The ſight of the money which Montgomery threw towards him, had much more effect than the pallid figure of Ethelinde, on the feelings of the ruſtic; who ſaying—"Aye, aye, young gentleman, I'll run I warrant you," departed quickly over the hill. "Thank heaven," cried Montgomery, preſſing his lovely burthen to his heart, "you will now be removed—you ſhall be blooded—you will be well." Etheline found every attempt to ſpeak attended with great uneaſineſs: ſhe ſighed deeply, and only ſaid—"Be patient, dear Montgomery; the ſight of your terror is worſe than the pain I feel from the accident."

He ſaw with fearful apprehenſion the difficulty with which ſhe ſpoke:—"I will be patient," cried he; "make no exertion to ſpeak to me." "I will not," replied Ethelinde, again deeply ſighing, "for indeed my head feels very confuſed." She now remained ſilent; and Montgomery had time to contemplate, while he ſupported,

her almoſt lifeleſs form. Her face was bruiſed: above her temple appeared a cut made by a flint, from which the blood ſlowly trickled down her cheek: her hat had fallen off, and her luxuriant dark hair ſpread over her ſhoulders, and concealed half her face: her lovely hands, from which he had torn her gloves that he might chafe them to reſtore her to life, were of a deathlike hue, and one of her arms ſhe ſeemed incapable of moving. While Montgomery, in the moſt cruel anxiety, hung over this beloved form, ſo disfigured yet ſo dear to his agonized heart, he recalled the time when he once before held her in his arms to all appearance dying, and received the firſt impreſſion of that love which was now become the firſt principle of his being. The minutes paſſed heavily along; he thought that the people he expected would never arrive; at length the gardener and one of the helpers, who were the only ſervants left at home, arrived with a chaiſe. Montgomery ſupported

ported Ethelinde into it, and ſeated himſelf by her; but hardly had it proceeded twenty yards, before, from the revulſion of her blood or ſome other cauſe, Ethelinde fainted, and became lifeleſs and ſenſeleſs in his arms. The men had brought nothing to relieve her with them; and Montgomery now again fancying ſhe was dead, was more terrified than before. He ſtopped the chaiſe.—"What will become of me?" cried he; "ſhe is worſe than ever—ſhe is dead! For God's ſake ſend for a ſurgeon to bleed her; take one of the horſes off and go—ride to the next town for a ſurgeon. How far is it now to the houſe of Miſs Newenden?" "How far, Sir," replied the gardener, "why better than three miles; and as Miſs is ſo bad, had not your honor better take her to Green's hut, and ſo ſend us off for Doctors?"

"And where is Green's hut? and how ſoon ſhall we be there?"

"Lord bleſs you, why there, juſt down

in that bottom, behither the chalk pit—we ſhall be there in a *minut*."

To this propoſal Montgomery, without knowing whether it was beſt or not, aſſented; and the chaiſe driving down the hill in another direction, was immediately at the door of a very ſmall cottage or rather cabin, which, though it conſiſted only of three little diviſions on the ground, was inhabited by a ſhepherd, his wife and five children.

The woman being informed by her huſband of the occaſion of the ſtrangers arrival, ran out to help the lady, who, ſtill inſenſible, was carried into the inner room, and laid on the humble bed which was the only one in the houſe.

Montgomery now entreated the aſſiſtance of the women to reſtore her; and ſhe, who had been formerly a ſervant in a gentleman's family, applied ſuch remedies as ſhe had at hand, and Ethelinde once more opened her eyes. They were turned languidly on Montgomery, who knelt by her with

with a look moſt expreſſive of all he felt, while he graſped her hand in his, and ſecretly vowed that if ſhe was now reſtored to his ardent prayers nothing ſhould ever induce him again to leave her. Ethelinde, who from extreme ſickneſs, the uſual conſequence of fainting, believed herſelf dying; and from the pain and ſoreneſs of her head thought a fracture would prove the occaſion of that death which only on Montgomery's account ſhe regretted, exerted herſelf to ſpeak to him, and tried anew to perſuade him that her diſſolution was the eſpecial favour of Providence towards them both. "Grieve not immeaſurably, my dear friend," ſaid ſhe, "if your Ethelinde is now taken out of a world where happineſs, ſo rarely obtained in a great degree for any, ſeems never to have been deſigned in any degree for her. How many circumſtances might have befallen me worſe than death: I might have lived to have wept for Montgomery; or what would have been in-

finitely more inſupportable, to have heard that he had forgotten me."

"Impoſſible!" exclaimed Montgomery. "Do not, for mercy's ſake, aggravate my fears, which now deprive me of reaſon. Do not irritate your own ſufferings by converſation ſo affecting, and I hope ſo unneceſſary."

"Lord Sir," ſaid the woman of the cottage, "Miſs only makes herſelf a deal worſe by talking about dying and they things; I dare to ſay the doctor will be here anon, and will tell you how there be'ent near the danger as you be *afeard* on. Do, Sir, leave Miſs along *a me*, and then ſhe'll keep quiet."

Montgomery, who was afraid of yielding in the preſence of Ethelinde to the diſtracting fears which overwhelmed him, was convinced of the propriety of this propoſal. "Shall I go," ſaid he, "and await the arrival of the doctor in the next room?"

"As

"As you pleaſe," replied Ethelinde: "but do not leave me long."

Montgomery then quitted her; and running out of the houſe, threw round anxious looks for the arrival of the ſurgeon; for he had diſpatched the two men different ways, leaſt either of the neareſt ſhould be out. In a very ſhort time the gardener approached with Mr. Greame, a ſurgeon of the neighbouring town. Montgomery, as ſoon as he beheld him ran away to meet him; and entreating him to haſten on, informed him in breathleſs agitation of the accident that had befallen Ethelinde, and his fears on her account. "Well, Sir, we ſhall ſee," ſaid Mr. Greame—"Blows on the head are bad, very bad." He then enquired if the lady had been ſick; and hearing ſhe had fainted, he put on a yet more diſmal face, and walked ſolemnly into the houſe.

As ſoon as he ſaw his fair patient, he exclaimed—"God bleſs me, an ugly cut

indeed!—a very ugly cut! pray how did it take place?"

Montgomery, who thought that to enquire into the ſtate of it was much more neceſſary than aſking how it happened, anſwered impatiently that it was probably by a flint. The ſurgeon then taking out of a caſe a pair of ſmall ſciſſars, diſſevered without mercy a long and beautiful ringlet which hung near the wound, and with as little remorſe cut away the locks from the temple, and then with a ſilver probe he began to examine if the ſkull had ſuſtained any injury.

Montgomery felt his blood run cold to his heart. The pain this operation ſeemed to inflict on Ethelinde, and the dread of an unfavourable reſult to the examination, were together too much for him; and having looked on wildly half a moment, he ſtarted away and again ran out of the houſe.

In the mean time Mr. Greame was with the moſt perfect compoſure finiſhing his enquiry;

enquiry; and then, turning to the woman, he ſaid—"Upon my word a narrow, a very narrow eſcape—a little deeper—aye, only the fiftieth part of an inch, and trepanning muſt have taken place."

"Well, Sir," cried the woman, "but what *be* we to do *wi* Miſs now?"

"Why ſhe muſt be blooded immediately, and kept quiet, or a fever of dangerous tendency may take place; for I apprehend, I aſſure you, a concuſſion of the brain *has* taken place."

He then prepared to bleed her; but as ſhe could not move to take off her riding dreſs, he cut it away without ceremony. The blood was ſtreaming from the lovely arm of Ethelinde, when Montgomery, unable to endure the apprehenſions which he was yet afraid to ſatisfy by enquiry, again entered the room, and heard, that notwithſtanding there was no fracture, there was enough to apprehend from the conſequence of ſuch a fall; that Ethelinde certainly could

could not be removed that day; and that ſhe muſt neither ſpeak nor be ſpoken to. The operator then, while he bound up her arm, proceeded to give Montgomery reaſons for what he had done, and for the neceſſity of keeping her quiet, without at all attending to the effect which his unfavourable ſuſpicions of her ſituation, ſo openly expreſſed, might have on the feeble ſpirits of his patient, or the agonies which he ſaw they inflicted on Montgomery.

When he was departed, which he haſtened to do as ſoon as he could, that he might relate at all the other places whither he was going that morning the accident that had happened and the remedies he had applied, and that he might inform himſelf, and conſequently others, who the handſome young man was who ſeemed ſo ſolicitous for Miſs Cheſterville, Montgomery began to conſider how he could render the place where Ethelinde muſt for the preſent remain, more commodious

modious to her; and after a ſhort deliberation, he determined to go to Brackwood, whither he hoped Miſs Newenden was by this time returned. He left a ſtrict charge with the woman to be attentive to Ethelinde during his abſence; and putting two guineas into her hand as an earneſt that whatever trouble and inconvenience ſhe might be put to would be amply repaid, he ſet forward on one of the horſes which had drawn the chaiſe; for he had himſelf croſſed the country from Dover on poſt horſes, till he came to the neareſt poſt town, and from thence had by choice walked towards Brackwood, which he had been informed was ſeven miles diſtant.

On his arrival at the reſidence of Miſs Newenden, he had the mortification to wait above an hour before ſhe returned. At length ſhe appeared with Davenant and Woolaſton; and having enquired for Ethelinde and the ſnap mare as ſhe entered the ſtable yard, ſhe had heard of the accident that

that had happened to Ethelinde; but had at the ſame time the ſatisfaction of finding that the ſnap mare had been brought home by Frank, without having ſuſtained any injury.

Elated with her amuſements, and flattered by the extravagant praiſes with which Woolaſton had plied her relative to her ſkill in riding and her judgment in horſes, Miſs Newenden met Montgomery in gay ſpirits; and no feeling for the accident or danger of Ethelinde had power to diminiſh them. "Faith, Charles," cried ſhe, "I'm very ſorry though for the fooliſh girl; but what occaſion was there for her to throw herſelf off? I knew ſhe could not ride worth a farthing, and ſo put her upon the quieteſt horſe in my ſtable. It muſt be quite her own fault; but however don't be frightened, I dare ſay 'tis nothing but a broken head, only Greame likes to make a fuſs with it; ſhe'll be well enough, never doubt it, to come home bye and bye."

Montgomery,

Montgomery, with all the frightful circumſtances of a concuſſion of the brain, which Greame had detailed to him, ſtill warm in his imagination, could not agree to this; and Miſs Newenden, who wanted to get quit as ſoon as poſſible of every thing that was like trouble, ordered her own maid to go down to Green's hut, and take with her ſuch things as Mr. Montgomery directed; and then diſmiſſing all farther care from her mind, ſhe ſat down to a late dinner with her gueſts. Woolaſton roſe every moment in her opinion; and Davenant took every opportunity to praiſe him to her when he was for a moment abſent, as one of the worthieſt fellows that ever lived. While he was gone out after dinner, to his evening inſpection of the ſtable, a duty which he ſaid he always moſt punctually fulfilled, Davenant began one of theſe ſtudied encomiums:

"Don't you think," cried he, "that Woolaſton is an excellent horſeman? There's

There's not a man in England, I'll venture to ſay, knows an hound better; he underſtands my dogs now a deviliſh deal more perfect than my huntſman."

"Yes," cried Miſs Newenden, "and I'll tell you what Tom, he underſtands how to manage you better than you do how to manage yourſelf; and from a mere milk-ſop has made a man of you. Why, what a poor thing you were when at Graſmere—afraid of the cold, and afraid of the damp, with fifteen or twenty waiſtcoats on, and half a dozen handkerchiefs round your neck: there's ſome fire in this fellow: he has cured you of your frivolous whims, and I believe is a man of ſenſe and ſpirit."

Woolaſton heard with great ſatisfaction the report of this opinion. Unprincipled, unfeeling, and ſelfiſh, he was yet very artful; and the keenneſs with which he ſtill delighted in gratifications his diſſipated property could no longer afford him,

now

now urged him to exert every ſtratagem to ſecure to himſelf their continuance, by becoming maſter of the fortune of Miſs Newenden; and having once found the way to an heart which to the uſual modes of attack had been invulnerable, he doubted little of his final ſucceſs.

Every hour now witneſſed his fortunate progreſs. Miſs Newenden herſelf, while hardly conſcious of it, found very ſoon that the hour of his departure would give her pain, and therefore ſtudied how to protract it. She had long piqued herſelf on living and acting her own way; and when the firſt idea of ſecuring to herſelf ſo valuable a maſter of the houſe as Woolaſton occurred to her, ſhe conſidered that though it would be probably very diſagreeable to her brother, occaſion much converſation, and make her liable to ſome blame among her friends, yet ſhe ſhould give the moſt certain proof of her free agency and liberality of mind. In a few days

Woolaſton,

Woolaſton, who ſaw his advantage, uſed it ſo adroitly, that he obtained her conſent; and little remained but to prevail upon her to name the day which was to put herſelf, her fortune, and her ſtud, in his poſſeſſion.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IX.

WHILE theſe things were paſſing at Brackwood, and while Woolaſton in the courſe of three days had ſecured the miſtreſs of that manſion, Ethelinde, from the violence of the ſhock ſhe had received, could not be removed from the cottage of the ſhepherd. Thither Montgomery had on the firſt evening conveyed a better bed, and every thing which in his tender ſolicitude he thought might contribute to her eaſe and amendment. Trembling for a life a thouſand times more precious to him than his own, he could not prevail on himſelf a moment to leave the cottage; but having borrowed one of Miſs Newenden's female ſervants to attend on Ethelinde in the miſerable little apartment where ſhe was obliged to remain, he perſuaded the woman of the houſe, by dint of that moſt powerful

ful of all arguments, money, to ſend her children to a neighbour's, in order that the place might be quiet, and then, diſmiſſing her and her huſband to their repoſe, he wrapped himſelf in his great coat and ſat during the night by the cottage fire. An heavy ſtupor, the effect of her fall, ſeemed to hang on Ethelinde, and the ſymptoms ſo alarmingly prognoſticated by Greame appeared in their full force to his terrified imagination; while Ethelinde herſelf, finding her head ſtill extremely confuſed, and her whole frame greatly diſordered as well as weakened by the loſs of blood which Greame had found it neceſſary to take, really believed that ſhe was in a few days to die; and far from feeling any regret, ſhe fancied that it was the particular interpoſition of Providence to ſave her from keener miſery than ſhe had yet experienced. There was ſomething not unpleaſant in the languor ſhe was ſenſible of; and ſhe excuſed to herſelf the facility with which ſhe allowed

allowed of the conſtant attendance of Montgomery, by perſuading herſelf that in a few days the hand of death would divide them for ever.

The ſecond day brought with it only increaſed pain; for the bruiſes were now more felt than on their being firſt received. Montgomery, impatient for the arrival of Greame, could not reſt any where; while he ſat a moment by the bed-ſide of Ethelinde, and ſaw on her ſoft countenance an expreſſion of pain, of which ſhe complained not by words, he found his own anguiſh inſupportable; and without daring to enquire the extent of her ſufferings, he flew up to ſome high point of land, in hopes of ſeeing the ſurgeon approach—then he returned to the cottage, liſtened at the door, fancied he heard her breathe with more difficulty, and again ran away to ſend ſomebody for Greame, whom he began to think would never arrive.

Thus paſt the morning; and about two o'clock Miſs Newenden, on whom Greame had

had called on his way, and who was prevented from hunting by the return of the froſt, came down with him and her gueſts to ſee the patient, of whoſe ſituation the ſurgeon had given her a very different account from what ſhe had expected. She had none of that tenderneſs which ſuffers from the mere repreſentation of the ſufferings of another; and her own conſtitution, from the manner of life ſhe had ſo early adopted, had, as well as her mind, acquired ſomething of maſculine ſtrength and hardneſs; yet when the ſituation of Ethelinde was repreſented to her as hazardous, ſhe expreſſed ſome degree of concern; and the two gentlemen, Davenant and Woolaſton, encouraged her to conſent to Greame's propoſal of going all together to the cottage.

When they arrived, Montgomery met them at the door: the diſguſt he had ever felt towards Miſs Newenden, was encreaſed by Ethelinde's accident, of which ſhe had been the occaſion; and he could not

not ſee Davenant without recollecting that at Graſmere he had been conſidered as a lover. There was, in the aſſured look of Woolaſton, (whoſe figure and appearance was a compound of the diſſolute man of the town and the profeſt jockey), ſomething ſtill more repulſive to the feelings of Montgomery; and he thought the moment he ſaw the groupe, that to leave Ethelinde among them would give him even more pain than her illneſs. "Well, Montgomery," ſaid Miſs Newenden, as ſoon as ſhe met him—"what's the matter here? Greame has been talking of I know not what danger that may follow this accident; but he is always a croker—are you not doctor? I dare ſay Ethy will be well enough in a day or two.—Come, let's go ſee how ſhe does."

"I am afraid," replied Montgomery, "that the ſight of ſo many perſons may fatigue her. Her head is much affected; if you pleaſe, therefore, Madam, you and Mr. Greame only ſhall ſee her."

They

They then were admitted into the room; and Greame having declared that ſhe had a good deal of fever, and was not in a ſtate to be removed, Miſs Newenden, after expreſſing as much concern as ſhe was capable of feeling, retired; and promiſing to ſend down another ſervant to relieve in her attendance the maid who was already there, departed with her two friends, equally vexed at the froſt and at the trouble this awkward buſineſs might bring upon her.

Davenant had always deteſted Montgomery. The preference that had been ſhewn him at Graſmere by Ethelinde, the praiſes then laviſhed on his figure by the other ladies, as well as by Miſs Newenden, who ſtill continued to teize Davenant with encomiums on him, and the real ſuperiority which he poſſeſſed in perſon and in ſpirit; a ſuperiority that Davenant felt, though he diſdained to acknowledge it even to himſelf; combined to render him odious; and the coldneſs of Montgomery's behaviour

haviour now encreaſed his averſion. "I don't underſtand," ſaid he, as he walked home with Miſs Newenden, "what ſort of footing that young fellow is upon with Miſs Cheſterville; I ſuppoſe, however, that he is an accepted lover."

"Poor Davenant!" exclaimed Miſs Newenden, laughing aloud!—"What! you have not yet forgotten your old *penchant* at Graſmere? Montgomery jockied you, Tom, there; and I believe your chance is ſtill worſe now."

"Really you miſtake me," anſwered Davenant, affecting an haughty indifference. "Whatever were then my thoughts of Miſs Cheſterville, I have ſince had ſufficient occaſion to change them; and whatever may be Montgomery's advantages, no interference of mine will leſſon their ſucceſs."

"Faith," cried Woolaſton, "he is a fortunate lad to be ſole attendant on a young lady: but he appears not to

merit his good fortune; I ſuſpect that he is a coxcomb."

"An horrid coxcomb, I aſſure you: as vain of his perſon as a girl, and the more vain, perhaps, becauſe he has nothing elſe to boaſt of," replied Davenant.

"Pardon me," returned Miſs Newenden, who delighted in mortifying Davenant—"He is of a very good family."

"A Scotch family!" cried Davenant, diſdainfully—"generally productive of well deſcended paupers. I ſuppoſe that the young man has not fifty pounds a year in the world."

Thus on the indigence of Montgomery, the man of fortune, fortune which he owed not to his own merit, deſcanted; while Woolaſton, whom vice, diſſipation, and idleneſs had impoveriſhed, thought himſelf at liberty to join in the ridicule, and to irritate the contempt excited by the want of that money which neither of them knew how to uſe; and which, they both felt,

felt, had not the power to beſtow happineſs.

The ſecond night Montgomery paſſed as he had done the firſt. Ethelinde, however, knew not that he ſat up during the whole of it in the peaſant's kitchen; for in the evening ſhe had expreſſed ſo much uneaſineſs at his remaining there, that he had promiſed to leave the cottage and go to Miſs Newenden's houſe till the next day: a promiſe which he fancied her ſafety and his own anxiety would juſtify his making without his having an intention to keep it.

During the night, a profound ſilence reigned throughout the humble abode; broken only by the chirping of the crickets which ran round the wicker chair he ſat on within the low chimney. Sleep was not to be obtained; and his fertile imagination brought before him his future proſpects in melancholy perſpective.—"Yet a few days, and the ſad pleaſure yet allowed me, of ſeeing her, ill

and disfigured as ſhe is, will be withdrawn. She will recover; but my miſeries will not be removed. I ſhall ſee her reſtored to health; but my peace will not be reſtored with it. Oh! merciful heaven! how many evils may befal her worſe to me than would be her death, terrible as the idea of it appeared only a few hours ago!

"With whom do I leave her, deſtitute as ſhe is of fortune and of protection? Is Miſs Newenden, careleſs of appearances, harſh in manners, and indelicate in mind, a fit aſſociate and friend for Ethelinde? are theſe men whom ſhe brings into her houſe companions for that ſenſibility and ſoftneſs ſo fondly cultivated by Colonel Cheſterville? and will ſhe not be perpetually expoſed to impertinence and inſult? If ſhe removes from among them, whither can ſhe go? To Sir Edward Newenden? Impoſſible—I can never bear it! Good God! and what is this money in purſuit of which I am to quit her? Am I ſure of obtaining it? and if I do, will

it

it make me happy if I loſe her; or am I convinced it will make her ſo, if I return to ſhare it with her?—Ah! no! poor as we are, ſuch a cottage as this would ſhelter us; and if together, we might be happier in it than the higheſt affluence could make thoſe who have not hearts like ours. I am young and ſtrong, and why ſhould I be aſhamed of ſupporting her by the humbleſt labour?—labour which would be comparatively ſweet, when I reflected that it ſaved me from the infinitely more inſupportable miſery of leaving her."

In theſe reflections the night, however, ſlowly wore away, and by the time it was proper for him to make his appearance the next morning, he had perſuaded himſelf that it was conſiſtent with his reaſon and his duty, as well as flattering to his love, to make another attempt to ſhake the reſolution of Ethelinde, and engage her to conſent to their marrying immediately, and going together to Graſmere, there to wait the return of his mother.

He found her, however, ſo languid and weak, that he dared not hazard it immediately. She was now become conſcious of the impropriety of her ſituation: but while ſhe was very ſolicitous to be allowed to return to Brackwood, ſhe felt herſelf by no means able to undergo the removal without ſuffering great pain: but ſo uneaſy did her remaining any longer where ſhe was appear to make her, that on Mr. Greame's arrival ſhe prevailed upon him to conſent to it: it was indeed making his attendance much leſs inconvenient to him, and he directed the precautions that ſhould be taken, all of which Montgomery himſelf attending to, Ethelinde, on the evening of the third day after her fall, returned to her own apartment at Brackwood: there too Miſs Newenden civilly requeſted Montgomery to ſtay; who could not reſiſt the invitation, though it was not made in his opinion more ſeducing by the lady of the houſe ſaying, in her thoughtleſs and boiſterous way—"If this deviliſh froſt continues

tinues to get out of the ground, as my people think it will, we'll be out to-morrow at five, and you, Montgomery, ſhall have the ſnap mare; theſe two fellows have been ſaying that they ſuppoſe you cannot ride, and I have told them you'll throw them out."

Montgomery, though careleſs of their opinion in this as well as in more material points, bluſhed at the idea of their having ſpoken of him contemptuouſly; but he deſpiſed them too much to think them worth notice, and endeavoured, though without ſucceſs, to turn the diſcourſe to other topics than the ſtable and the field. Woolaſton knew his own advantages too well to ſuffer the thoughts of Miſs Newenden to deviate into reaſon. The next day was appointed for his going off to London for a licence; and he already anticipated the reſtored and even encreaſed figure he ſhould make at the next Newmarket meeting, when all his former miſchances and miſtakes ſhould be remedied

by the poſſeſſion of Miſs Newenden's five and twenty thouſand pounds.

Such was the diſpoſition of the party who aſſembled to ſupper on the evening of Ethelinde's return, (who had borne her removal with much leſs fatigue than had been expected) when a carriage was heard to drive furiouſly up to the door; and there was hardly time to enquire who it brought, before Sir Edward Newenden appeared.

He looked wildly round the room; and the perſons he ſaw there encreaſed his amazement. "Where is ſhe?" cried he, in a voice that expreſſed concern and ſurprize;—"Where is Ethelinde?—where is Miſs Cheſterville?"

"She has had a fall from her horſe," ſaid Miſs Newenden, (who was by no means delighted with the ſight of her brother) "and is in bed: but is it her only, Ned, you came to ſee? in truth all the reſt of your friends are much obliged to you."

"I heard

"I heard ſhe had met with a dangerous "accident," replied Sir Edward, trying to recollect himſelf; "and as her guardian—as her friend—I thought it my duty to ſee if—ſhe was—if ſhe was in any hazard."

"Well, and if ſhe had, what good could you have done? D'ye think we don't know in the country how to manage a broken head? But come, ſit down. Have you ſupped? Why, I believe you've fallen off your horſe yourſelf? What's the matter that you wear your arm in a ſling?"

"I have hurt it," replied Sir Edward, coldly. "Ethelinde, then, continued he, is in no danger?"

"Oh! none upon earth! Lord, ſhe was more frightened than hurt; and Mr. Montgomery was glad of an excuſe to play the nurſe tender, and ſo perſuaded her, with the help of that old croaker Greame, that ſhe was half killed."

"Have you been long here, Sir?" ſaid

Sir Edward, addreſſing himſelf with evident concern to Montgomery.

Montgomery, with equal coldneſs, anſwered, "I came to this place acroſs the country from Dover, three days ago."

"And how long, Mr. Davenant, have you been at Brackwood?" aſked Sir Edward.

"Faith, time has paſſed ſo pleaſantly to me and my friend Woolaſton here, that I have hardly kept an account: if I were to reckon by the common courſe of time, I believe four days; but ſo agreeably have they gone, that they have hardly appeared four hours."

Sir Edward, who knew Woolaſton only from report, now turned towards him; but he felt no inclination to make any acquaintance with him, and was concerned and amazed to ſee ſuch a party entertained by Miſs Newenden.

His feelings were altogether ſo unpleaſant, that it became impoſſible for him to exert

exert himſelf to keep up the converſation: his preſence ſeemed to throw a reſtraint on the reſt of the company; and anxious as he was about Ethelinde, he dared make no farther enquiry unleſs his ſiſter led to the converſation, which ſhe ſeemed purpoſely to avoid. Montgomery, who at once reſpected him as a worthy man and dreaded him as one who might perhaps be a fortunate rival, was rendered miſerable by his ſudden appearance: his manner ſerved to increaſe this ſolicitude: Sir Edward was abſent and reſtleſs; and ſeemed hardly able to hide the impatience and anxiety under which he laboured. To Davenant's extravagant converſation he liſtened with diſguſt and anger; to Woolaſton, who was, however, more than uſual on his guard, with hardly more temper; and his behaviour towards Montgomery himſelf was, though rather more civil, ſo unlike his uſual mild and attentive manner, that it was eaſy to ſee he was

but

but little pleaſed by finding him at Brackwood.

As ſoon as it was poſſible to withdraw, Sir Edward roſe and went to his room; where, as he could not reſt without being ſatisfied as to the ſituation of Ethelinde, he ſent for his ſervant, and ordered him to bring up to his room the woman who had attended her. From this woman, naturally loquacious, he heard all the particulars of the accident; while ſhe exaggerated, as is the general cuſtom among ſervants, all the alarming circumſtances that had attended it; and all that he heard ſerved only to encreaſe the anxiety in which he paſſed the night.

Nor was his ſolicitude and his affection for Ethelinde the only ſource of thoſe poignant feelings that robbed him of repoſe. His family miſeries were not abated. Lady Newenden had, in about ten days after the departure of Ethelinde, arrived at her father's houſe in town. She ſtill diſdained to make any advances towards a recon-

a reconciliation, and affected to ſcorn the reſentment and defy the ſuſpicions of her huſband; but her father had prevailed on Sir Edward, before he knew of her arrival, to ſend the three children thither; and he was to fetch them himſelf on an evening agreed upon. Maltravers, without communicating his deſign to his daughter, contrived that he ſhould be introduced to the room where Lady Newenden was, and where her father had purpoſely placed the little creatures round her. On ſeeing her thus encircled by his children, Sir Edward forgot for a moment every thing but that ſhe was their mother: the tenderneſs of his heart prevailed over his reſentment; and by the anxious interpoſition of Mr. Maltravers a reconciliation was haſtily brought about: and Sir Edward, who could not reſiſt the tears of the father nor the innocent pleading of the children, in which they had by him been previouſly tutored, was hurried by this variety of contending paſſions to promiſe

miſe eternal oblivion, without inſiſting on any other conditions than that Lady Newenden ſhould go to Denham for ſome months. She gave a reluctant acquieſcence rather than a promiſe; and teſtified ſo little ſatisfaction at being thus reſtored to her huſband and her children, that Sir Edward, while compelled to make one more effort to ſave her, trembled at the little proſpect there was of his ſucceſs. Having conquered, however, that violence of reſentment which had urged him ſo repeatedly to declare he would never forgive her, he determined to expel from his mind as much as poſſible all recollection of the reaſons he had to complain of her, and to baniſh at the ſame time, as far as he could, the idea of Ethelinde, whom for the future he reſolved to ſerve without ſeeing.

Such, for three days, was his reſolution: and ſo excellent were his principles, ſo truly upright was his heart, that in time his reaſon would have regained all it's ſtrength

ſtrength, and his duty to his children would have ſupplied what could now never be replaced—his fond affection to his wife: love, once driven away by neglect, or ſhaken by ſuſpicion ſo nearly approaching to conviction as his had been, returns no more: but he was yet diſpoſed to pity errors which he knew partly aroſe from her education and partly from the defects of temper, which ſhe had never been taught to correct; and what he could not wholly forgive he ſtruggled to forget. With ſuch diſpoſitions on his part, peace and honor were yet within reach of Lady Newenden; but unhappily ſhe had loſt all reliſh for the firſt, and placed the latter in carrying a point very different from that of being reſtored to domeſtic happineſs.

When Mr. Maltravers had inſiſted on her quitting Danesforte, after Sir Edward's ſudden departure, and going with him and her mother to their houſe in Berkſhire, Lord Danesforte, whoſe profligacy of character every month of his life

life rendered more flagitious, was only concerned that the fracas had not made more noiſe; and he took care that Sir Edward's behaviour ſhould ſoon be as generally circulated as poſſible. Though he had not the leaſt affection for Lady Newenden, he was determined that his apparent attachment to her ſhould not be interrupted either by the jealouſy of her huſband or the precautions of her father. He wrote to her therefore in the ſtyle of a man determined not to endure life without her. To Mrs Maltravers, his ſentiments took a ſtill higher flight: and ſuch was her folly and her weakneſs, that ſhe received his letters for her daughter, and communicated to her the contents of her own. The heart of Lady Newenden was incapable of love: but it was inflamed with unappeaſable reſentment againſt Sir Edward, and influenced by vanity and ambition—vanity which made her glory in the thoughts of being preferred

ferred to all thoſe women of faſhion whom Lord Danesforte had before been partial to; and ambition, which taught her that to be a Counteſs, with ſuch an immenſe fortune as Lord Danesforte ſtill poſſeſſed, was more worthy of her merit than to remain the wife of a Baronet, who had owed the ſupport of his name only to the fortune ſhe had given him. No native principles of rectitude, no acquired reſtraints of religion, no delicate ſenſibility of honor, or tender maternal affections, had place in her boſom to counteract the power of theſe united temptations; and her mother, inſtead of checking or diſcovering, encouraged and concealed them. While, therefore, Mr. Maltravers was labouring to bring about a reconciliation, his wife and his daughter, who had formed their own plans, ſuffered him to proceed; and Lady Newenden went back to her huſband with no other hope than that ſhe ſhould ſoon

find

find occaſion to break the chains ſhe ſo reluctantly ſubmitted to put on. The generous and manly temper of Sir Edward for ſome days baffled theſe projects, and all her caprices and provoking attempts to move his temper failed of ſucceſs. Lord Danesforte however, to whom they had not communicated the whole of their plans, was piqued at finding that notwithſtanding the tenderneſs of her letters to him, Lady Newenden had conſented to a reconciliation with her huſband, which he thought was ſincere. His Lordſhip, determined to interrupt a re-union which was ſo mortifying to his vanity, haſtened to London, from whence he was at a ſmall diſtance; and there, while he meditated how to proceed, he was engaged one evening in a drinking party, where the fracas that had happened at Danesforte was publicly canvaſſed; and Lord Danesforte, who though he could drink a great deal, was

deprived

deprived of all ſhadow of reaſon when perfectly intoxicated, ſpoke ſo diſreſpectfully of Sir Edward and ſo lightly of Lady Newenden, that Mr. Templeton, a relation of Sir Edward's, who was hardly more ſober, took it up. Very high words aroſe between them: and though they were parted without exchanging a mutual challenge, Templeton declared that he conſidered himſelf bound to inform Sir Edward of the expreſſions that had been uſed. His Lordſhip contemptuouſly anſwered, with a great oath, that he might take his pleaſure: and as this had happened about ten o'clock at night, Templeton, who was young and hot headed, drove immediately to Hanover ſquare; where he told his relation, by way of doing him a kindneſs, what muſt inevitably oblige him to take the hazard of deſtroying Lord Danesforte or loſing his own life. Sir Edward, whoſe unhappineſs had been irritated rather than relieved by

by the behaviour of Lady Newenden during the three days ſhe had been at home, and whoſe hopeleſs paſſion for her couſin was ſtifled only to prey internally on his heart, was ſo deſtitute of happineſs, and ſo loſt to hope, that he felt ſomething like a ſenſe of obligation to the young man who gave him at once an opportunity of vindicating his honor and a chance of quitting an exiſtence which was become inſupportable. In the firſt emotion of reſentment therefore he wrote to Lord Danesforte a requeſt to meet him the next day, at a place he named five miles from London. Templeton undertook to deliver it that evening: and Sir Edward, who had nothing to ſettle of his temporal affairs, which he had done ſome time before, apologized to himſelf for the ſtep he was going to take, by citing thoſe laws of honor from which there is no appeal without infamy; and though he felt the fallacy of that code,

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he ſmothered all the remonſtrances of his conſcience and his principles, and perſuaded himſelf that this was one of thoſe occaſions in which a deſire of vengeance might be forgiven, even by that Being to whom he was always diſpoſed to conſider himſelf amenable.

He ſaid nothing to Lady Newenden; who was engaged to ſup at her father's, with a large company, from whence he had excuſed himſelf; and riſing at five o'clock the next morning, he ordered his ſervant to prepare his piſtols for a journey, and leaving word that ſome buſineſs called him unexpectly to Denham, he got into an hired chaiſe with his gentleman, and was ſoon at a village near the place of rendezvous; where Templeton, who had eagerly offered to be his ſecond, was arrived a few moments before.

They walked together to the ſpot, where Lord Danesforte and his ſecond almoſt at the ſame moment arrived alſo.

Sir

Sir Edward advancing to his Lordſhip, repeated the words which Templeton had deſcribed him to have ſaid, and aſked if he meant to juſtify them.

"Yes," replied he contemptuouſly; "what I have ſaid I am ready to repeat. Would Sir Edward Newenden pleaſe to hear them again?"

This anſwer precluding any farther converſation, the ſeconds proceeded to the uſual ceremonies. Sir Edward fired, and miſſed; Lord Danesforte, with a better aim, grazed the arm of his adverſary. The ſeconds then interfered; but neither party being ſatisfied, Sir Edward fired a ſecond time and Lord Danesforte fell. Shocked as Sir Edward would have been to have had the life of any other human being to anſwer for, he felt horror rather than compaſſion and regret: he approached, however, and Lord Danesforte ſaid, with a ſmile which neither pain nor apprehenſion robbed of it's acri-

mony—

mony—" I believe, Sir, all your qualms on account of your wife may now be over ſo far as relates *to me.*" Sir Edward then, at the requeſt of the ſeconds, haſtened to the village, where a ſurgeon had been left by Lord Danesforte. He ſent him immediately to the ſpot; where Templeton remained till the wound was inſpected; and Sir Edward returned to town; where he ſhut himſelf up in his own room; and having had his wound dreſſed, felt not ſo much penitence for having diſburthened the world of a man ſo worthleſs, as concerned at the idea of his lingering long in pain.

Lady Newenden was again with her father; and nobody broke in to diſturb the indulgence of thoſe numberleſs uneaſy reflections that preyed on his heart, till ſome of them were mitigated by the arrival of Templeton, who had remained at the village, whither Lord Danesforte had been carried, till the ſurgeon had extracted

tracted the ball; which having been lodged juſt below the collar bone, had failed of wounding mortally; and as it was with little difficulty extracted, the ſurgeon declared that unleſs an unexpected degree of fever came on there was little or no danger.

The report of ſuch a duel could not fail of being ſoon ſpread. It was known in town almoſt as ſoon as it happened; and Mrs. Maltravers, who was to have a party in the evening, was ſoon acquainted with it by cards ſent by thoſe who were to have been there, but who now excuſed themſelves, as "concluding ſhe did not ſee company on account of the late unfortunate affair."

Hardly had Sir Edward, therefore, heard that Lord Danesforte was in no danger, before Mrs. Maltravers entered his ſtudy, furious as a lioneſs robbed of her young: her eyes flaſhed fire; her face was all over as red from nature as her cheeks uſually were

were from art; and in a voice between crying and ſcolding, ſhe thus (before his gentleman, who began to think his maſter in more danger from the fury of his mother in law than he had been from the piſtol of Lord Danesforte) addreſſed Sir Edward—

"So! you have done well to be ſure! A fine ſtory you have made of it at laſt. Oh! Sir Edward, Sir Edward, to be ſo wicked and cruel; and take the life of that poor good dear man, and ruin the reputation of my ſweet child! and all for what? —for g round leſs jealouſy! oh! I muſt ſay you are a baſe man; and woeful to us I am ſure was the hour that ever we ſuffered our poor dear Maria to throw herſelf away upon you; ſhe that might have had any body, ſhe that was a match for a prince. I had rather have ſeen her in a coffin than married to a man who does not know her value: and poor Lord Danesforte too! oh! what will become of us

to think we have been the cauſe of your taking away the life of that excellent, charming man!"

Sir Edward felt his indignation conquered by pity and contempt.—"Be calm, Madam," ſaid he, as ſoon as he found he had any chance of being heard—"that dear, excellent, charming man, is not dead, and I believe in no danger of dying. Go back and conſole yourſelf, therefore; and prevail on Lady Newenden to be more careful of that reputation which I have taken ſome trouble to reſcue from the aſperſions of your noble favorite."

"'Tis falſe!" cried Mrs. Maltravers; "an abominable falſehood! He never aſperſed her—no never; he admired her too much; and a thouſand times, poor dear creature, has he ſighed and ſaid to me when we were alone together—'dear Mrs. Maltravers, what a divine reſemblance of your divine ſelf is your daughter: and what a happy man is Sir Edward.' Yes! he

he has ſaid ſo many times, I don't deny; but that he admired Maria—indeed he *has* ſometimes breathed a tender wiſh that he had known her before ſhe was married, or that ſhe had a ſiſter like herſelf, or that I was not her mother: all *that* was natural enough; who can help their *penchangs*; but as for any wrong attachment to Maria, I tell you, Sir Edward, 'tis as falſe as hell!"

Her voice, which had ſunk into a whine while ſhe deſcribed the platonic paſſion of Lord Danesforte, now roſe again to the clamorous ſhrillneſs of rage; and Sir Edward, hopeleſs of appeaſing her, had nothing to do but to ſit down and attend with patience till her paſſion had exhauſted itſelf.

Far, however, from finding that it abated for want of oppoſition, it ſeemed to gather force in its progreſs; and ſhe now fell into fits of hyſteric crying, now walked about the room with a theatrical

air, and ranted like an affronted Empreſs. Sir Edward began not only to be thoroughly weary of her folly but to feel his arm very painful. Any interruption, therefore, was welcome to him, though he foreſaw that Maltravers, who now entered the room, would expect a more ſerious explanation and different reaſons for his conduct than what he had thought it neceſſary to give the lady.

It was, however, ſome moments before the authority of Maltravers could procure an interval of ſilence; but when that was obtained, Sir Edward related in a few words what had paſſed. Maltravers, who had no very ſtrict notions of honor, and a great averſion to the noiſe this matter would make, heard him with a very diſcontented air; and telling Sir Edward that he thought he had more prudence and more regard for his family, he bade him ſullenly good night, adding that he had left Lady Newenden ſo very ill in conſequence of her alarm,

alarm, that ſhe would not be able to return home that night. Sir Edward had too much reaſon to believe that this alarm had not been created by her fears for him, and therefore he ſuffered her father and mother to depart without expreſſing any anxiety to ſee her—a circumſtance which the latter exaggerated into the cruelleſt ſymptoms of neglect and contempt.

When they were gone, Sir Edward, harraſſed in his mind, and ſuffering pain from his wound, was haſtening to bed, when his gentleman, who had ſerved him from a child and was conſidered more as a friend than a ſervant, thus began, while he was helping him to undreſs, from doing which for himſelf his wounded arm diſabled him.

"I wiſh, Sir, you'd let the ſurgeon look at it again to-night; do, Sir; indeed it may be of ill conſequence. Thank God, however, 'tis no worſe. This ſeems to be quite the week for bad accidents."

"What accidents, Warham?" aſked

Sir Edward. "This can hardly, I think, be called one."

"It might have been worſe, to be ſure, Sir; but I mean, beſides this ugly affair, poor Miſs Cheſterville."

"Miſs Cheſterville!" exclaimed Sir Edward. "What of Miſs Cheſterville?"

"Lord, Sir!" replied the ſervant, "I thought to be ſure you had known it: Molly Peters ſpoke of it laſt night in the houſekeeper's room. She had a letter from her brother at Brackwood that mentioned it."

"Mentioned what? You torture me, Warham. What has befallen Ethelinde?"

"Why, Sir, what I heard was, that ſhe was out a hunting with Miſs Newenden, and got a bad fall, and was carried for dead into a cottage hard by."

"Impoſſible!" cried Sir Edward, trembling with terror and alarm; "impoſſible! She never hunts—ſhe hardly ever rides. It muſt be ſome miſtake."

Warham, however, perſiſting in his account,

count, Sir Edward, fatigued as he was, entirely forgot himſelf, and bade him ſeek the ſervant inſtantly who had received the letter, and bring it to him.

This command being obeyed, Sir Edward was ſoon convinced that there was too much reaſon for his apprehenſions. The letter, which was from Miſs Newenden's footman to his ſiſter, was circumſtantial, and deſcribed not only the day and hour when the accident befel Ethelinde, but the ſituation in which ſhe at that time remained at the hut of the ſhepherd, and the opinion Mr. Greame had given of the poſſible conſequences of her fall.

Nothing that merely affected his own eaſe had now power to detain the mind of Sir Edward from the bed ſide of his lovely ſuffering ward. He ſaw her in a miſerable cabin, without attendants, unſoothed by the conſoling voice of friendſhip and ſympathy, for he knew Miſs Newenden incapable of either; he repreſented what ſhe

muſt, in ſuch a ſituation, ſuffer; and at length, after a long conflict between his prudence and his ſolicitude for her, he perſuaded himſelf that he was called upon by every thing dear to the heart of a man of honor and of feeling to fly inſtantly to her. Love, an auxiliary here too powerful, lent all his ſophiſtry to convince him that he was only acting as a guardian was bound to act: and though in the preſent circumſtances he knew that many objections might with ſome propriety be raiſed, his unconquerable tenderneſs ſilenced them all. He ſtill, however, wiſhed to have it thought that he was gone no farther than Denham. He left a letter to Mr. Maltravers, ſaying indirectly that he was gone thither; and at the firſt dawn of day he ſtepped into the chaiſe which had ſet him down in the evening at Brackwood.

CHAP-

CHAPTER X.

NO event could have happened more favorable to the views of Lady Newenden than this expedition of Sir Edward; none that more ſtrongly confirmed the reports that had obtained of Sir Edward's attachment to Ethelinde. The recent duel had drawn all eyes upon him; and that while he was yet uncertain of the life of his adverſary, and himſelf wounded, he ſhould fly to the houſe where he had placed Ethelinde, could hardly fail of attracting obſervations as prejudicial to her as corroborating the ſuſpicions which Mr. Maltravers and his family had affected to believe. Of this Sir Edward, as he journeyed towards Brackwood, could not but be ſenſible; but Ethelinde in danger, and languiſhing on a ſick bed; that lovely face diſfigured, that lovely form ſuffering under

painful operations; the grave perhaps opening to receive her; were images which obliterated all the impreſſions that cold prudence could make. Repeatedly he had promiſed to her father to defend and protect her; and his generoſity, as well as his love, forbade his forfeiting that ſacred promiſe leaſt the worthleſs and illiberal ſhould cavil at his fulfilling it.

But finding that Davenant, Woolaſton, and Montgomery, were witneſſes to his arrival, he became more diſturbed; and conſcious of all he felt, he fancied that every eye could read what paſſed in his heart. The events of the laſt week had rendered his accommodation with Lady Newenden leſs likely to be permanent; and he repented that ever he had conſented to an experiment which had ſerved only to convince him that happineſs or even content, with her, was not to be obtained. A thouſand corroſive reflections followed when he recalled her behaviour and that of her mother; and when his thoughts returned towards

towards Ethelinde, on whom they had once been accuſtomed to dwell with ſo much pleaſure, new and poignant anguiſh overwhelmed his heart. He knew leſs than ever how he ought to act in regard to her. His ſiſter, the only female relation to whom he could entruſt her, lived rather like an independent man than in the retirement fit for a young woman ſo ſituated as Ethelinde. She continually entertained parties of gentlemen at her houſe; and far from caring what opinion the world entertained of her actions, ſhe profeſſed a total neglect of the cuſtoms of thoſe ſocieties with which ſhe had no inclination to mix. The very party now with her was a ſpecimen of her contempt for the uſual forms obſerved by ſingle women: Davenant indeed, having been her brother's ward, had ſome pretence for his viſit; but Woolaſton was not only a ſtranger to her but a man of diſſolute character, who was known to have ſubſiſted ſome time by expedients

pedients which had placed him among the deſcription of people called black-legs.

He knew that to remonſtrate with his ſiſter would not only be fruitleſs, but that, unaccuſtomed as ſhe was to controul, ſhe would reſent any attempt of his to dictate to her, and would become impatient of the company of Ethelinde if ſhe found it likely to impoſe on her inclinations the ſmalleſt reſtraint; yet to ſee Ethelinde, unprotected as ſhe was, in ſuch company, expoſed to the impertinence of unprincipled men, diſtracted him. There appeared, however, no alternative but her marriage with Montgomery, and on that he thought with ſtill greater reluctance.

Unable to reſt, he was in the parlour by ſix o'clock. He took up a book that lay in the window, in hopes of finding ſomething that might divert his thoughts a moment from his various unhappineſs; but it was a treatiſe on hunting, and he laid it down in diſguſt. He now waited anxiouſly to ſee ſomebody who could give

give him an account of Ethelinde; but the maids were not yet up, except one whoſe buſineſs it was to prepare breakfaſt for the hunters. He ſaw Mr. Woolaſton go to the ſtables and direct the proceedings there with an air of authority which he remarked without at all gueſſing at the right he was ſo ſoon to aſſume. Miſs Newenden at length came down herſelf; and very little pleaſed with the proſpect of her brother's ſtay, which could not fail to impede all her plans, ſhe ſpoke to him with a coldneſs that aggravated his concern; not on his own account, for he knew her too well to expect tenderneſs and affection from her, but on that of Ethelinde, whoſe proſpects appeared to him every moment more dreary, while he felt himſelf precluded from the power of rendering them pleaſant or even comfortable. After he had aſked his ſiſter how ſhe did, he ſaid—"Have you ſeen Ethelinde to-day? can you tell me how ſhe finds herſelf?"

"Lord,

"Lord, brother!" replied Miſs Newenden, "d'ye think I have nothing to do but to attend to her? It is enough, I think, if ſhe occupies the whole attention of one of the family."

"You are unkind, Ellen. She occupies no more of my thoughts than every amiable unprotected young woman is entitled to from her guardian."

"Well, I am really as tired as Lady Newenden uſed to be of hearing of her amiableneſs and her beauty. She has often ſaid that there was always more fuſs with her than with fifty other people; and it's true I think."

"But can you have a perſon, whether amiable or unamiable, ill in your houſe, and not be ſolicitous for their recovery?"

"Dear Ned, ſhe is not ill. If I had met with ſuch an accident I ſhould have put a pledget dipped in Arquebuſade to my head, and have got a bottle of Steers's opodeldoc for my bruiſes, and there would have been an end of it; inſtead of which, here's

here's fainting, and phyſicing, and bleeding, and water gruel, and Montgomery running mad, and you not quite in your ſenſes. I ſuppoſe the next thing will be that Cheſterville will come ſailing back from Jamaica, and that you will bring down the college of phyſicians and the company of ſurgeons."

Sir Edward now found that he ſhould excite ridicule, but obtain no information from his ſiſter; he dropped, therefore, the diſcourſe, ſtifling as well as he could the uneaſineſs and diſguſt he felt; and Montgomery, Davenant, and Woolaſton, ſoon after entering the room, they haſtily breakfaſted; and then all but Sir Edward and Montgomery departed for the chaſe.

When they were gone, Sir Edward addreſſed himſelf to Montgomery, who, melancholy and dejected, had ſeated himſelf with folded arms in the window.—"Do you know, Sir, how Miſs Cheſterville does to-day?"

"I have had no opportunity of enquiring.

quiring. The ſervant who attends her is not yet riſen."

"You ſaw the accident, I think, Sir; do me the favor to let me underſtand how it happened?"

Montgomery then recounted all that had paſſed, in a voice and manner expreſſive of the lively and tender intereſt he took in whatever related to the fair ſufferer. When he had finiſhed the account, Sir Edward remaining ſilent, Montgomery pauſed a moment, and then went on thus—

"You are not unacquainted, Sir Edward, with my long and ardent affection for Miſs Cheſterville, nor with thoſe cruel circumſtances which have compelled me, rather in compliance with the maxims of the world than with my own conviction, to think of quitting her. To you, her father gave a truſt, of which he, before your arrival, thought me worthy: on your honour and kindneſs I am convinced ſhe may rely if you can exert them in her favor;

vor; but let me aſk you, Sir Edward, and forgive the liberty I take, let me aſk you whether you *can* afford her the protection for which ſhe has ſo much occaſion? Is her preſent ſituation quite what your delicate ſenſe of propriety would ſuggeſt for ſuch a young woman?"

Sir Edward foreſaw that this converſation would lead to a propoſal which he doubted not Montgomery ſtill wiſhed to make—that of marrying Ethelinde immediately. A ſevere pang ſeized his heart; yet he could not be angry that Montgomery ſaw the preſent circumſtances of Ethelinde nearly as he himſelf conſidered them.

"No," replied he, "I do not know that it is; I will ſpeak to you, Mr. Montgomery, with frankneſs. My ſiſter, though without the ſlighteſt diſpoſition to do wrong, is not only ſingular and abſurd in her purſuits, but thinks in a manner peculiar to herſelf; while other women at her time of life, for ſhe is not yet thirty,

ſolicit

ſolicit the ſanction of ſome older woman, or take the utmoſt care to obſerve a punctilious decorum in their company and manners, Miſs Newenden has determined to live her own way, and to aſſociate with men, as well as rival them in field ſports. 'Tis an unfortunate turn, in my mind, and ſuch as has often given me great concern; but Nelly is her own miſtreſs, and her fortune, her family, and the little pretenſions ſhe aſſumes to rival the ladies in thoſe points wherein they are moſt anxious to excell, have hitherto prevented her from ſuffering ſo much from their report, as many have done who have apparently ſacrificed much more to appearances. Miſs Newenden's character is, I aſſure you, unimpeached among them——"

"Far be it from me," ſaid Montgomery, interrupting him, "to doubt it for a moment; but will poor Ethelinde, who, with no fortune, has ſuch eminent beauty, and is not yet nineteen, will Ethelinde as eaſily eſcape? I am afraid not, Sir Edward;

ward; and to leave her, uncertain even of an home, expoſed, perhaps, to inſolent propoſals, inſulted by the cold pity of unfeeling affluence!—Upon my ſoul, I cannot bear the thoughts of it. The moſt painful and laborious ſervitude would be preferable, in my eyes, to the miſery I ſhall endure, under theſe circumſtances, to take a long leave of her, uncertain of what will become of her in my abſence, doubting whether I may ever return to her more!"

Torn by a paſſion as violent and even more hopeleſs than that which now ſtifled the voice of Montgomery, Sir Edward could neither conquer his own emotion or appeaſe that of the young and unhappy lover by determining to conſent to his wiſhes. After ſome heſitation, during which a dreadful conflict paſſed in his heart, he ſaid—"I thought that all this, Mr. Montgomery, had been ſettled in town, and that you would not have renewed a converſation on what is to all appearance hopeleſs to you, and I am afraid very

very painful to my ward. If indeed your proſpects were improved, and Ethelinde choſe to unite her fate with your's, I ſhould not, whatever I might think of its prudence, oppoſe her determination: but as it is——"

"So far from being improved, Sir Edward," ſaid Montgomery, in a tone rather angry, "you know that they are even more reduced: but I am young; I have, I thank God, health to work, and a ſpirit which would feel no degradation in embracing any honeſt means to ſupport the woman I adore."

Conſcious of the advantage which a project ſo romantic would give her already beloved Montgomery over ſuch an heart as Ethelinde poſſeſſed, Sir Edward loved not to hear it repeated, nor to think that it might be repeated to her.

"My dear Sir," cried he, "you are yet too young to be an adequate judge of what you could do. To talk of labouring for her ſupport is wildneſs and romance.

What

What is the ſupport ſhe could obtain by your labour? of what labour are you capable?"

Montgomery, naturally warm and impetuous, and now inflamed by lurking but corroſive jealouſy, took fire at ſomething of contempt which he fancied this ſpeech implied.—"Sir Edward," cried he, "you may deſpiſe me; but I ſhall never feel myſelf deſpicable while my heart tells me I purſue the dictates of natural reaſon. Whatever I could do for her ſupport, if, humble as my lot muſt remain, Ethelinde will be content with it, I ſee not by what uſurped authority you can divide us; and give me leave to ſay, Sir, that if you ſtill attempt to do ſo I ſhall think with the reſt of the world, that neither your quality of guardian, nor of a married man, have had power to render you as indifferent as you ought to be to the perſonal lovelineſs of Ethelinde."

"You are very young, and I fear very raſh," replied Sir Edward, his riſing anger being

being with the utmoſt difficulty ſuppreſſed; "but you are unhappy, and I forbear to retort."

"Forbear nothing on that account, Sir Edward. As men, we are equal—allow me to ſay too that we are equal as gentlemen; and that it is doing no injury to the family of Newenden to place it on a footing with the houſe of Montgomery."

Sir Edward had by this time recollected how fruitleſs and how dangerous any altercation muſt be; and aſhamed of having been betrayed into anger which might be ſo injurious to Ethelinde, he got the better at once of his emotion, and anſwered mildly—"We will not talk of our families, Montgomery, nor of ourſelves: neither of us, I think, are fortunate enough to have much to boaſt of in regard to happineſs. Let us, therefore, inſtead of inflaming each other with fooliſh and uſeleſs ſuſpicions and reproaches, conſider, as if we were her brothers, what ought to be done for

for the peace and happineſs of her for whom we are both intereſted."

The noble heart of Montgomery was ſoftened in a moment by candour and generoſity.—" Pardon me, dear Sir Edward," ſaid he, " I am wrong. I know I have injured you; but I am ſo completely wretched that my ſenſes ſeem likely to forſake me. You, who perhaps have loved as I do, though you never could feel what it is like me to love and to deſpair, will pity and forgive me."

A generous but romantic project now took poſſeſſion of the mind of Sir Edward. He determined to lay open his heart and all its weakneſs to Montgomery; and while he confided to him a ſecret which he had ſtruggled ſo frequently to conceal even from himſelf, to make the jealous and ardent lover the arbitrator between his paſſion and his honour; and, though he ſtill intended firmly to oppoſe their immediate marriage, to conſult him on the meaſures which, during his abſence, ought to

to be purſued to put Ethelinde at once out of the hazard of improper acquaintance with others, and of being made liable to an imputed partiality to himſelf. He gave himſelf hardly a moment to conſider of the propriety of this confidence; but ſeizing on the idea with an enthuſiaſm which he believed was the effort of recovering virtue and reſolution, he took the hand which Montgomery held out to him, and ſaid in an animated tone—

"My dear Montgomery, I do not forgive you becauſe I have not been offended; but I moſt ſincerely ſympathize with you; and as a proof how much I eſteem you, I will now tell you the true ſtate of a heart infinitely more wretched than your's can ever be."

Montgomery ſhook his head as if he thought that was not poſſible; and Sir Edward, heſitating half a moment, went on—

"You did not know me till long after my marriage, or it would be unneceſſary for

for me to aſſure you that my affection was then Lady Newenden's. Her perſon is now as lovely, perhaps, as it was then; I know not whether it is not even more ſo. I was of an age to be charmed with mere perſonal beauty; her character was not formed; ſhe appeared gentle and amiable; ſhe preferred me to men who would have had, in the eyes of an ambitious woman, more advantages; fancy augmented every perfection; her beauty would have rendered even her defects pleaſing to me, if love had ſuffered reaſon to diſcover any. We married; and for a little, a very little while, I thought myſelf happy; but by degrees I diſcovered that Maria was merely a pretty woman; and that there were many hours when a rational companion was more neceſſary to my happineſs than a fine lady, who, careleſs whether I was pleaſed or diſpleaſed, was at leaſt determined to pleaſe herſelf, by obtaining that general admiration which ſo highly gratified her vanity, and which ſhe thought

had not been ſhewn before only becauſe ſhe had never before been ſeen.

"When my eldeſt boy was born I flattered myſelf that new ſentiments would be awakened; but Maria had never the heart of a mother: and I ſaw, with ſtifled anguiſh, that ſhe was more ſolicitous to make her appearance with undiminiſhed b auty, than about the child, whoſe birth would have doubly endeared her to my heart. By the exceſſive fondneſs of her father, and the ſilly adulation of her mother, ſhe had acquired an early habit of believing that no woman was an object of ſo much conſequence as herſelf. I ſaw this diſpoſition in a thouſand nameleſs inſtances. I tried—vainly tried not to ſee it. I ſtill loved her; and though I could not eſteem her as I wiſhed to have done, ſhe knew not that my expectations of permanent felicity declined almoſt unconſciouſly; for whatever were my mortifications my behaviour to her was unchanged. You have often heard me ſay how partial

I have

I have from a boy been to the country, particularly to my native country; but I could ſeldom prevail on Lady Newenden to go even to Denham, unleſs for a few days with parties of company. To go to Graſmere ſhe poſitively refuſed; and the birth of my other two children, which happened within the three following years after that of Edward, made me delay from time to time to inſiſt upon it. At length the urgent occaſion there was for my preſence, a hope that ſuch a journey might yield her a ſalutary reſpite from perpetual company, late hours, and deep play, and a fooliſh idea that the ſcenes of ſublime and beautiful nature might awaken in her mind a taſte for ſimple and domeſtic pleaſures, united to make me preſs for her going to Graſmere. Her mother, with her uſual abſurdity, encouraged her oppoſition to my wiſhes; but I found means to engage Mr. Maltravers on my ſide, and finally we ſucceeded.

"The dread of ſolitude, rather than any love for her couſin, induced her to aſk the company of Ethelinde Cheſterville. I had ſeen her very frequently, but generally in mixed company. Her beauty was ſtriking; but it ſeemed to me not more conſpicuous than that of my wife. Alas! I knew not, till I had continual occaſion to converſe with her, the power of a lovely form, animated by a ſoul like her's. Conſidered as a married man, as her near relation, I had a thouſand opportunities of obſerving the charms of her underſtanding and the unaffected goodneſs of her heart. All that Maria wanted, Ethelinde ſeemed to poſſeſs: candid, ingenuous, and humane; warm in her affections; with all her advantages of form, unconſcious that ſhe poſſeſſed any; and with a ſtrong, lively, and cultivated underſtanding, as modeſt as if ſhe had known nothing. Involuntarily I was making perpetual compariſons; alas!

Lady New-

Lady Newenden gave me perpetual cauſe to make them; yet I endeavoured—very earneſtly endeavoured to check in its infancy a paſſion as improper as it was hopeleſs. That I have ſucceeded ſo ill is now the torment of my life.

"I need not relate to you, Montgomery, its irreſiſtible progreſs. Davenant's propoſals, which at firſt I thought I could encourage, ſoon gave me ſenſations that made a narrow examination of my heart neceſſary. I found too certainly that I now knew, for the firſt time, what it was to love. I condemned myſelf for not having fled before from the dangerous unconſcious object who had inſpired it; but as it was then too late, I perſuaded myſelf that as the violence of my attachment exceeded not its purity, I might, however wretched myſelf, continue to ſee and acquire a kind of happineſs in ſerving her whom I could ſee no proſpect of ever calling mine.

"Such was the diſpoſition of my mind when Ethelinde left Graſmere Abbey. I found that even at that early period her heart, which repulſed the addreſſes of Davenant with ſcorn, was by no means indifferent to you. I tried at leaſt to accuſtom myſelf to endure what was inevitable—her preferring another; for I could myſelf claim no preference as a lover: yet I will candidly own that my paſſion revolted perpetually againſt my reaſon; and though I knew I could never expect her to love me otherwiſe than as her friend and her guardian, there were times when all your merit and the hopeleſsneſs of my own ſituation were inſufficient to reconcile me even for a moment to the idea of her loving another.

"In her abſence I attempted anew to argue myſelf out of a predilection which was at leaſt prejudicial to my own happineſs, and could be productive only of

of diſtreſs to its object; but in making this experiment I had occaſion to experience the truth of that obſervation which ſays, that abſence which deſtroys a ſlight degree of love augments a violent and ſerious paſſion, as the wind extinguiſhes a feeble flame but encreaſes a ſtrong fire. Though I ſaw her no longer, my imagination dwelt on her perpetually; Lady Newenden's careleſs indifference making it turn towards her with ſtill encreaſing fondneſs; yet let me ſay, that whatever were my internal conflicts, I carefully avoided betraying them by any alteration in my behaviour to my wife; I would have even redoubled if it had been poſſible, my boundleſs indulgence; nor did ſhe, I am perſuaded, diſcern that the attention I ſhewed her came not from the heart. Alas! her own was incapable of ſo nice a diſtinction; and ſhe ſtudied my happineſs too little to know whether I was indeed what I affected to appear.

Then it was that every reſolution to conquer my attachment was at once overcome by the circumſtance of my boy's illneſs. His mother, occupied entirely in a circle ſhe had formed at Scarborough, affected to be unable to undertake the journey which appeared neceſſary if ever we hoped to ſee him alive. Shocked at her unfeeling excuſe, and frantic with fears for the life of my child, I arrived at Denham—I arrived, not to weep over the darling of my heart, but to find that the tenderneſs, the attention of Ethelinde, had ſnatched him, under Providence, from the grave; and that ſupplying to him all the tenderneſs of a mother, ſhe had preſerved his life at the hazard of her own.

"Had I not loved her before, I muſt have loved her then; but to the great judge of hearts I dare appeal whether, as my love encreaſed, it became not more ſacred. She was then, ſhe is ſtill idolized

idolized as an angel; and I proteſt that if the ſacrifice of my life would conduce to the happineſs of her's I would reſign it with delight.

"Yet, Montgomery, I will not deny that there have been times when, ſuffering all the miſery inflicted on me by Lady Newenden's inſupportable temper, and having too frequently reaſon to doubt whether ſhe has not diſhonoured me as well as made me wretched, I have harboured dangerous ideas—I have dreamed that a releaſe from a union, once the happineſs but now the torment of my life, was poſſible, and then the image of Ethelinde has intruded itſelf in ſeducing colours; yet theſe enchanting viſions have been inſtantly diſſolved when I have reflected that were I at liberty to-morrow to offer my hand to Ethelinde I know that ſhe would not accept it, for that her heart is your's. This conviction, which ought for ever to put an end to all hope, has

has not, I own, been received without many a ſevere pang; yet ſo truly do I love her, that were I ſure ſhe would be happy I think I could give her to you, and bury for ever in my heart, if I could not eradicate, this tyrannical and fatal attachment. Judge, Montgomery, whether this candid confeſſion, which I was under no neceſſity of making, is not a proof of the purity of my love; and whether, in making a favored lover the confidant of my hopeleſs paſſion, I do not give him the beſt ſecurity for its diſintereſted tenderneſs. Let us not then conſider ourſelves, but what ſhould be done for the preſent ſupport and content of Ethelinde. Montgomery, hear me when I declare to you, that would a proviſion out of my fortune enable you to live happily together I think I could put it apart for her uſe on thoſe conditions; but beſides that I know you to be too noble minded to accept it, I

will

will own to you that I have very little in my power to offer. When I married Lady Newenden my eſtates were greatly incumbered. Her fortune cleared them; and I for three years lived within the income they produced: but ſince that period Lady Newenden's card money has made a great diminution, and as I have paid for poor Cheſterville all the ready money I had of my own, I ſhould now be getting deeply into debt if Mr. Maltravers had not voluntarily made a conſiderable addition to our income; which, as I conſider it as entirely appropriated to Lady Newenden, I make it a point never to interfere with. You know your own ſituation; aſk yourſelf whether you ought to involve Ethelinde in its inconveniences, and anſwer the queſtion not like a mere lover, but like him who to the real intereſt of a beloved object is noble enough to ſacrifice his own immediate happineſs: let me not

ſuppoſe, Montgomery, that I am more diſintereſted than you are, only becauſe I have leſs to hope."

The various emotions with which Montgomery had liſtened to this extraordinary confeſſion are not to be deſcribed. Tho' he in fact knew all that Sir Edward had told him, his avowal did not appear the leſs aſtoniſhing; and he knew not, when he ceaſed ſpeaking, what reply to make. Various and tumultuous ſenſations kept him for ſome moments ſilent. He ſaw that Sir Edward expected of him a ſacrifice of all his immediate hopes while he appeared willing to encreaſe the remoter one of his marrying on his return from India; and that he aſked his advice on the diſpoſal of her while he was abſent; a point which he could not ſettle in his own mind on any plan except that of her going down to Graſmere, and remaining with his mother. The confuſion

and

and indeciſion of his thoughts was viſible in his countenance. Noble minded himſelf, he knew none of that narrow miſtruſt which renders the integrity of another doubtful; but to hear Sir Edward Newenden, on whom ſhe muſt be left ſo entirely dependent, avow his love for her, and own that there had been moments when he had meditated on making her his, gave him a ſort of uneaſineſs which he could neither repreſs or acknowledge.

"I do believe, Sir Edward," ſaid he, at length, "that notwithſtanding the attachment you have owned, and of which I was not before ignorant, I might confide ſafely in your honor, and fearleſsly leave Ethelinde to your protection; but will the world, that knows not the firmneſs of that honor, ſee her left, without comments as injurious to her fame as to your peace? Too much has already been ſaid of your partiality to her; and

pardon

pardon me if I ſay, that with all your endeavours to conceal it, ſhe herſelf is the only perſon who has remained ignorant of it. Judge, therefore, whether ſhe ought to continue with your family, and be ſupported by your bounty. Allow me, Sir Edward, to ſay with the ſame candour which you have uſed, and I doubt not expect, that nothing I have heard has ſerved to make me relinquiſh my opinion; on the contrary, I think your own peace, as well as her's and mine, demand that even if I leave her I leave her as my wife."

"I deſerve more confidence, Montgomery, than you ſeem to place in me. Be aſſured, my friend, that I do not mean to mortify or diſtreſs you when I remind you that you have nothing on which to ſupport her: and would you ſubmit to have that aſſiſtance given her as Mrs. Montgomery which I can with great propriety offer to her while ſhe

remains

remains the unprotected daughter of my deceaſed friend, left to my guardianſhip. However my own feelings and my attention to her's would make me wiſh in either caſe to keep ſuch aſſiſtance ſecret, yet the prying and inquiſitive world would in either caſe decide that it was ſo, for they know her ſituation—they know your's."

Montgomery was ſtruck with this remark; and feeling that his whole ſoul revolted from the idea of having his wife a penſioner on the bounty of another, he cried eagerly—" Repeat it not, Sir Edward, for heaven's ſake; and ſuffer me to leave you a moment. I am too wretched!"

" Hear me out, however," replied Sir Edward: " hear at leaſt what I have to offer Ethelinde. Though her ſituation with Miſs Newenden is not, I own, the moſt eligible, yet, as I have nothing better to ſuggeſt, I would propoſe her remaining

remaining here till Mrs. Montgomery returns; then, if ſhe prefers going down to her, as I doubt not ſhe will, I wiſh to have her happy, and ſurely ſhall not oppoſe it. In either caſe I will pay her quarterly thirty guineas, and I will endeavour to make it appear even to her as ariſing from what I have been able to ſave out of the wreck of her father's fortune; and ſurely, Montgomery, you are too liberal minded to doubt the diſintereſted motives on which I will thus act. To put an end, however, to every doubt, and to convince you that I ſhall not even ſee her, I proteſt to you that it is my intention to quit England for ſome years, and paſs into Italy; *with* Lady Newenden, if ſhe can determine to quit her country rather than her honor, *without* her, if the hold that her diſſolute connections have on her heart is too ſtrong to be broken by maternal affection or duty to me. The diſagreeable affair I have been

been involved in with Lord Danesforte, the uneasy doubts which that affair has served rather to heigthen than remove, and my resolution to break Lady Newenden's acquaintance with him or quit her for ever, all serve to strengthen this determination; and whatever struggles it may cost me, I now mean to take leave of Ethelinde. Her peace, her happiness requires that I resign the dangerous indulgence of seeing her; and I swear to you, Montgomery, that there is no sacrifice I would not make for her. I shall be every where equally wretched; my lot is cast, and must be, I know, endured; but unhappy as I am destined to be, I shall derive a source of comfort, a gratification in knowing that I have communicated none of my misery to Ethelinde."

Tears were in his eyes when he ceased speaking. Montgomery, equally affected, could only wring his hand, and say—

"You are generous, Sir Edward, I own it. Ethelinde deſerves ſuch a friend; but allow me to ſee and ſpeak to her before we converſe farther on what is to be done hereafter. I came hither to take leave of her; how I ſhall execute my purpoſe, I know not: her fall, her illneſs, the terror of loſing her for ever, and the unſettled ſtate in which I am to quit her, have united to unnerve my reſolution; yet my promiſe to my mother is paſſed; ſhe believes that I am even now embarked; an almoſt certain fortune attends me whither I am going, if I live; and if I die—I hope I am not a coward, yet to die and ſee her no more!—if it ſhould be ſo——no! I will not, I cannot purſue the train of ideas that ſuch a thought leads to."

"We have both need of ſolitude and reflection, my dear friend," ſaid Sir Edward: "we will therefore part; but allow me before I go to ſtate to you that I muſt

I muſt return to London this evening: I left my houſe in confuſion; Lady Newenden ill at her father's; and could I have commanded myſelf when Ethelinde was in danger, I ought not in prudence to have come. Try, my dear friend, if you cannot determine to return to London with me. Receive my honor as a pledge that I will ſee Ethelinde no more. Do *you*, with proſpects full of hope, make that exertion which *I* make in deſpair. I reſign the gratification of ſeeing her that I may not give occaſion to calumny to hurt her delicacy; do you reſign it for a little time only in the delightful hope of returning to enjoy with her uninterrupted happineſs. Reflect how much your fate is likely to be preferable to mine, and you have ſurely too much ſpirit to lament it."

Montgomery could only beg an hour or two to conſider what he *could* do. They then parted: Sir Edward went out to walk

alone, and Montgomery to ſeek the ſervant who attended Ethelinde; from whom he learned that ſhe had paſſed a very good night, had very little remains of pain, and was already dreſſed. Montgomery then ſent to beg he might ſee her, and was immediately admitted to her room.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XI.

SIR Edward Newenden, in his ſolitary walk, was endeavouring to ſtrengthen the reſolution he had taken to deny himſelf for the future the ſight of Ethelinde; and if he could not conquer his paſſion for her, to prove its purity by conſulting only her happineſs. He was anxious, however, that Montgomery might be equally diſintereſted, and very deſirous that ſhe might be ſpared that painful heſitation and cruel ſtruggle which his remaining longer at Brackwood might occaſion to her; but he perſuaded himſelf that it was merely ſolicitude for her repoſe, and no lurking jealouſy of Montgomery, that made him thus impatiently await the hour of their ſeparation.

The combat between what he ſaw to be

his duty, and what he felt to be his inclination, was moſt ſeverely renewed in the breaſt of Montgomery. All the arguments he had heard, and all that his own reaſon had ſuggeſted to him on the ſide of his going to India, were light when oppoſed to the dread of leaving Ethelinde never perhaps to return. The confeſſion of Sir Edward had left on his mind a confuſed ſenſation of confidence and uneaſineſs. Generous and candid himſelf, and having ſeen numberleſs inſtances of Sir Edward's noble ſpirit, he could not doubt but that he was at the moment perfectly ſincere; but what reliance could be placed on the reſolution and integrity of the firmeſt and moſt upright mind under the influence of a paſſion ſo violent as that he had acknowledged; a paſſion which had ſo recently drawn him into a ſtep ſo inconſiderate as that of quitting London under the circumſtances he had done, to fly down to Ethelinde on the vague report of her accident. He knew, by what

paſſed

paſſed within his own boſom, how unſtable are the wiſeſt determinations when counteracted by a predominant and tyrannic affection; and while he did juſtice to the candour of Sir Edward, and miſtruſted not his honour, he trembled involuntarily to leave Ethelinde ſo ſituated as to be ſtill compelled to accept a ſupport from him in addition to the numerous obligations ſhe already owed him.

Yet if he could prevail on her to quit the protection to which her father had conſigned her, and unite her fate with his, how could he ſupport her? Mr. Royſton, ſo eager to provide for him abroad, would do nothing for him in England. He had no intereſt, therefore, and no proviſion but his mother's ſlender and probably reduced income, and again the idea recurred of diſtreſſing that beloved mother, of ſeeing Ethelinde languiſhing in indigence, ſurrounded perhaps by a family of lovely well-born beggars, and of living to reproach himſelf with having poorly ſhrunk

from the duty he owed to her, to his mother, and himſelf; and this reflection ſeemed to reſtore his firmneſs, and he thought he could rather quit her, than hazard, by his ſtay, to realize a proſpect which would be as diſtreſſing to his feelings as unworthy the courage and ſteadineſs of a man.

Thus amid the fluctuation of uneaſy thoughts, Montgomery was introduced to the room where Ethelinde was at her breakfaſt. She appeared much better, and complained very little of her head. Her ſpirits were alſo much amended; and while ſhe expreſſed much ſurpriſe at the unexpected arrival of Sir Edward, ſhe ſeemed very anxious to know what had brought him ſo ſuddenly to Brackwood, and where he had left Lady Newenden: though nothing could be more natural than her ſolicitude, Montgomery, liberal and candid in every thing elſe, was made reſtleſs and half angry by the tender intereſt ſhe ſeemed to take in whatever related

lated to him, and as ſoon as he anſwered ſuch enquiries as he thought neceſſary to ſatisfy without alarming her, either on account of the noiſe which the duel would make, (of which he ſaid nothing) nor on Sir Edward's raſh journey, he ſaid—"Sir Edward returns to London this evening. He has offered to take me with him. Ethelinde, I will own that I am compelled to appeal to you to determine for me, for of myſelf I cannot—no, it is impoſſible for me to reſolve to leave you."

Ethelinde turned pale at the information as well as at the manner in which he gave it; but thus called upon to ſtrengthen his faultering reſolution, ſhe ſtifled by an effort of reaſon and virtue the pang that ſeized her heart; and while it throbbed with anguiſh, ſhe called up a faint forced ſmile, and anſwered—

"Surely, Montgomery, we have not to argue over again the neceſſity of that meaſure, diſtreſſing as it ever muſt be to us both, that has ſo long and ſo pro-

perly been determined upon. This ſecond parting, with all its pain, we have brought upon ourſelves; let not *your* fortitude, which ought to ſtrengthen mine, ſink under it. To you I look for ſupport: diſappoint me not by ſhewing that he on whom I rely is even weaker than I am."

"Ah! rather ſay," cried Montgomery, eagerly interrupting her, "that your calmer temper, your milder feelings, ſuffer you not to love to the exceſs I do, and that you can look with reſignation on that horrible neceſſity that drives me to deſpair and to madneſs."

"My dear Montgomery," anſwered Ethelinde, "you know not, nor do I wiſh you ſhould know, half the anguiſh of that heart which you call calm and reſigned. Believe me, your Ethelinde, though leſs loud and leſs impatient, feels as ſeverely as you do the cruel ſtroke to which ſhe muſt ſubmit. I know, however, I have long known, that I muſt be wretched; but

but as my miſeries hitherto have not originated from my own faults, ſo I will yet try to evade the ſevereſt ſting of thoſe which may be to come, by keeping free at leaſt from ſelf reproach; and ſurely I ſhould have much wherewith to upbraid myſelf hereafter, if becauſe to bid you farewell makes me endure the bittereſt anguiſh that any circumſtance in this life can inflict, I were to evade it at the expence of your honor, ſuffer you to break your promiſe to your mother, and reſign an eſtabliſhment that may with honor raiſe you to the affluence to which your birth and merit give you ſo juſt a title."

"My birth!" exclaimed he, "what is my birth but a curſe to me? and the merit you impute to me, what has it obtained but an honorable exile? Had I been more humbly born I ſhould not have been told that to uſe my health and youth to acquire a ſupport for her I adore in my own country, was degrading and diſhonorable. Oh, Ethelinde! the humbleſt

peaſant that traverſes theſe bleak hills, and retires at night to his clayey and thatched cottage, is to me an object of envy. He labours for a ſmall ſtipend; but it is certain; and he ſhares it with his wife and his children: ſurrounded by all that is intereſting to the heart of man, he feels not that poverty to which he has always been accuſtomed; he fears nothing for to-morrow; and when he dies, his children are ſecure of being able to live as he has lived: but an illuſtrious beggar, as I am, muſt cringe at home to people who are raiſed, by acts which *I* ſhould bluſh to practiſe, to muſhroom greatneſs; on men who

'Fiſh up their dirty and dependent bread,
'From pools and ditches of the common wealth,
'Sordid and ſickening at their own ſucceſs;'

or muſt be ſent to extort from the helpleſs natives of another hemiſphere—gold, the curſe of mankind; that having plundered a diſtant country he may return to corrupt

corrupt his own. Alas! as I ſat by the ſcanty embers of the ſhepherd's fire thoſe two nights when you lay ſo ill in the adjoining cabin, how did I wiſh that we had both been born to a deſtiny as humble as his, and that even now you could learn to prefer the quiet comfortable cottage on the border of Graſmere Water, to long long years of ſeparate miſery, terminated perhaps by death, perhaps by affluence, for which we may find too late that happineſs and health have been ſacrificed."

The eyes of Ethelinde were filled with tears, and her heart with redoubled anguiſh, while he thus ſpoke. Loving him ſo tenderly, to bid him leave her; to ſeem fearful of enduring the humble life which he was for her ſake willing to ſubmit to; to undergo the miſery of parting from him, and that of being left to contemplate the dangers to which he muſt be expoſed from the long voyage and the unpropitious climate; and on the other hand to reflect on the

the happineſs which with him ſhe muſt find in the deepeſt obſcurity! her reſolution was ſhaken; ſhe could not at that moment exert any of that virtuous fortitude of which ſhe had been but a moment before ſerenely conſcious; but overwhelmed by tenderneſs, ſhe diſſolved into tears, and could only in broken murmurs ſay—"Did you then, Montgomery, ſit up in the cottage thoſe two nights? why would you do ſo? Ah! why thus aggravate all the anguiſh I muſt endure? why make me drink to the dregs this bitter cup?"

"Reſolve then," cried Montgomery, with equal emotion, "reſolve to daſh it from you, and let us dare to be poor and happy. Let me quote, ſince the language is ſuperior to any I can uſe, a ſentence of an enchanting author, applicable to our ſituation. '*Soyons heureux et pauvres; ah! quel treſor nous aurons acquis! J'ai des bras, je ſuis robuſte; le pain gagnè par mon travail*

te

te paroitra plus delicieux que les mets des feſtins. Un repas appreté par l'amour, peut-il jamais, être inſipide?"

"Alas!" replied Ethelinde, "you need no other eloquence than your own to prevail on one whoſe feeble heart is ready to aid rather than to contend againſt your arguments. Spare me, dear Montgomery, ſpare me the repetition of thoſe reaſons which ſtill, in my opinion, are ſo ſtrong for your departure, and which would make my acceding to your ſtay, however I might wiſh it, as contrary to my duty as to your intereſt. Let us not, my dear friend, be the ſlaves of paſſion, but exert our reaſon and our prudence to ſave us from future repentance. Happineſs we cannot command; it will perhaps elude our graſp in the moment that we have ſacrificed every duty to obtain it. Let us, therefore, do what is right, and leave the event to Providence, who knows better than we do how it may finally be obtained."

The

The faultering voice, broken by frequent ſighs, in which this ſentence was pronounced, betrayed, notwithſtanding all her ſtruggles to conceal it, the violent internal conflict that Ethelinde underwent: Montgomery, unable to bear it, roſe and walked with hurried ſtep about the room; his heart oppreſſed with unutterable anguiſh; he could neither controvert the juſtice and truth of what ſhe had ſaid, nor could he bear the thoughts of leaving her; and among all the confuſed and impracticable wiſhes he formed, the only diſtinct one ſeemed to be that they might both die, if they could not live together.

"What ſhall I do?" exclaimed he; "how ſhall I tear myſelf away? my ſoul recoils from the attempt. Let me, before I torture myſelf by allowing its neceſſity, let me wait to hear from my mother; perhaps the loſs which ſhe had ſo much reaſon to apprehend may not have happened; on her undiminiſhed income we could live; why ſhould I anticipate agonies, compared

compared to which thoſe of death would be pleaſurable."

Ethelinde, though ſhe had very little hope that Mrs. Montgomery would ſave her property, yet caught at a bare poſſibility when it ſeemed to ſoften the horrors of parting by holding out a hope that it might not be final. Her weakneſs of body, her ſoftneſs of mind, equally rendered her incapable of bearing the ſight of Montgomery's wretchedneſs, and ſhe felt herſelf every moment ready to conſent to beg with him round the world rather than to part with him for a few years.

She continued, however, ſilent; and Montgomery, approaching her, eagerly took advantage of it.—"Do you," cried he, "do you conſent that I ſhould wait to hear from my mother?"

"Alas!" replied ſhe, "you muſt judge for yourſelf. The ſhip, perhaps, which is now ready to ſail, may depart without you."

"I can go then in another."

"The

"The appointment may be loſt."

"No, of that I am ſecure. Let me then ſuppoſe that it is yet poſſible you will go down to Graſmere; that you will, if we have indeed wherewithal to exiſt together with that dear parent who will rejoice in our happineſs, forbid my leaving you; and ſuffer me, inſtead of embarking for India, to return hither, and take you from hence to humble but laſting felicity."

Ethelinde could not oppoſe him: ſhe murmurred out an incomplete acquieſcence, rather to appeaſe the violence of his agitation than becauſe ſhe felt it right, or entertained any hope that the little income of his mother remained undiminiſhed. He was kiſſing her hand in the wild tranſports of gratitude when Sir Edward Newenden entered the room.

"I do not leave her," cried Montgomery, before Sir Edward could ſpeak: "ſhe conſents to go down to Graſmere, if the little fortune we have ſtill is found to

to be ours, as I dare venture to believe it will be."

A faint bluſh tinged the cheek of Ethelinde, from whence illneſs and anxiety had driven even the pale roſes that bloomed there in her happier days; ſhe turned her languid eyes on Sir Edward, who changed countenance, but ſeemed by an effort of reſolution to recover himſelf; and ſitting down by her, took her hand, and with a ſmile ſaid—

"If this impetuous lover, Ethelinde, would give me leave, I would tell you how truly it rejoices your guardian and your friend that you are ſo well recovered of the effects of your accident."

"You are always moſt kind to me, Sir Edward," replied ſhe; "always in truth I have found you my guardian and my friend."

"As ſuch, Sir Edward," cried Montgomery, who, though he could not blame the gratitude of Ethelinde, was alarmed by the tenderneſs with which ſhe expreſſed

it, "as ſuch, as the guardian and friend of Ethelinde, I apply to you to ratify her conſent: it is indeed but conditional; but let me now take leave of her in the hope that I may in a few days return to claim the promiſe ſhe has given me."

"Montgomery," replied Sir Edward, ſtill endeavouring to ſtifle his encreaſing emotion, "it has ever been, it will ever be my purpoſe to fulfil religiouſly the ſacred truſt which Colonel Cheſterville repoſed in me, and to promote the welfare of his daughter. None can know better than I do the inefficacy of riches to conſtitute happineſs; and I ſhall not oppoſe what ſhe herſelf believes will make her happy, however I may regret the hazard ſhe will incur of finding that if money ſecures not felicity the total want of it will be attended with inconveniences which ſhe is, I fear, ill calculated to contend with."

"Be it mine," ſaid Montgomery in the moſt animated tone, "be it mine to

ſave

ſave her from every inconvenience. Ah! can any lot be ſo delightful as to live only for her ſervice—" He was going on when Sir Edward gravely ſaid—

" I underſtood indeed that you thought ſo when you determined with ſuch proper ſpirit to execute that ſervice the moſt effectually by ſeeking in India a fortune worthy of her."

" But if Ethelinde will be happier on the little we have, why ſhould I leave her?"

" I thought," replied Sir Edward, " that all this had been before diſcuſſed. I have ſaid, and I repeat, that as the guardian of Miſs Cheſterville I will oppoſe nothing ſhe thinks will make her really happy; as her friend only I will give her my opinion, and that it is ſurely my duty to do, even though I feel that it may be probably painful and certainly fruitleſs."

Ethelinde, ſinking under the long continued conflict of her own heart, could not bear this. Faint and breathleſs, ſhe leaned her

her head on the table before her, and ſaid with a deep ſigh—" Ah! dear Sir Edward, why will you ſuppoſe I diſregard your opinion."

" I am grieved," replied he, while all his features expreſſed the exceſs of his agitation, " I am grieved to ſee you ſo affected; and will ſhorten a converſation ſo painful to us all. Montgomery has very naturally repreſented to you only the ſummer view of the proſpect which he deſires you to contemplate with pleaſure. I will not, with the gloomy pencil of a careful guardian, ſketch out the reverſe. You have ſo much ſenſe that it were needleſs; but I will appeal to your own judgment, to that excellent underſtanding which love itſelf is, I think, incapable of miſleading, whether the other plan is not much more rational in itſelf, worthier of his ſpirit, and of your approbation." He pauſed a moment as if collecting courage to go on. Neither Ethelinde or Montgomery ſpoke, and at length in a firmer tone

tone he proceeded—" It has been ſaid, Ethelinde, that I am, that I have been too fond of your company. I never denied that I preferred your converſation to that of every other human being. You will recollect, however, that this partiality has never exceeded that of a brother for a favorite and beloved ſiſter."

" Oh never!" ſighed Ethelinde. She ſeemed to be attempting to ſay more, but Sir Edward gave her not time.

" Do not, however, my dear Ethy, nor do you, Montgomery, ſuppoſe, that innocent as this indulgence has ever been I oppoſe your marriage to gratify myſelf by its continuance. Whatever may be your deciſion, it is in either caſe mine to quit England with my children in a few days, and to remain at leaſt ſome years on the Continent of Europe. This determination muſt, Montgomery, convince you, were it poſſible you could entertain any other idea of me, that my advice is wholly diſintereſted. As I muſt conſider

Ethelinde

Ethelinde as my ward, I cannot juſtify it to myſelf were I to acquieſce in her marrying indiſcreetly without repreſenting to her its probable conſequences, and pointing out to her the alternative in her choice, that ſhe may not fancy herſelf compelled by her ſituation to marry, and by a ſophiſtry uſual with lovers impute that to neceſſity which is indeed the effect of inclination."

"Name your alternative, Sir Edward," ſaid Montgomery impatiently.

"It is her remaining with my ſiſter or with your mother till your return, which will in all probability, with the advantages you have, happen in a very few years. From the remainder of Colonel Cheſterville's fortune I hope and believe I ſhall ſave about an hundred and twenty pounds a year, which I will take care ſhall be punctually paid her. You will, therefore, have nothing to apprehend for her. When your mother returns, ſhe may, if ſhe prefers it, live with her, and without the painful

ful circumſtance of being wholly dependant on her ſmall fortune. Till then this houſe, though not perhaps the propereſt or moſt deſirable, is yet a ſecure and creditable aſylum. I muſt go from hence," added Sir Edward, " in an hour: decide, therefore, Montgomery, whether you will go with me; and you, my dear Ethelinde, calm your ſpirits, I beſeech you; and remember that whatever be your determination you will ever have in me a friend and a brother."

He now haſtily roſe and left the room, having exerted his reſolution to the utmoſt. When he was gone, Montgomery, whoſe love was ſtill too powerful for his reaſon, again addreſſed himſelf vehemently to Ethelinde, from whom the affectionate and friendly ſolicitude of Sir Edward had again drawn thoſe tears which the extreme pain ſhe had before felt had checked for a moment.

" Speak to me, Ethelinde," cried he eagerly; " ſpeak to me, I conjure you: tell

tell me that nothing Sir Edward has ſaid will make you revoke your permiſſion. I cannot part with you—upon my ſoul I cannot—for months—for years—perhaps for ever. I am a coward—I ſink into childiſh weakneſs at the idea. Oh! deliver me from the cruel neceſſity of undergoing ſuch torture, unleſs you can teach me to endure it."

"How can *I* lend you fortitude, Montgomery, who want it myſelf? Do you think I ſuffer leſs than you do? or am I better able to ſupport it? Alas! no! Sir Edward has aſſuredly reaſon on his ſide, but reaſon will not prevent my being deſolate and miſerable when you are gone: and as to pecuniary conſiderations, if there is indeed a probability that out of the wreck of my father's fortune ſomething may be ſaved, will it not enable us better to live together? and ſhould it be brought in aid of the motives that are to part us?"

Montgomery knew too well that ſo far from

from any reſidue being likely to remain in the hands of Sir Edward, there was not enough to pay him a tenth part of what he had lent the Colonel and paid for his ſon; and that he had thus repreſented it to Ethelinde only to ſpare her the pain of receiving new obligations; yet would not Montgomery undeceive her, becauſe he had promiſed ſecrecy to Sir Edward; otherwiſe he was too noble to let even jealouſy tempt him to any thing like a mean ſuppreſſion of merit in a rival, whatever fears he might entertain concerning the influence of that rival over the gratitude of his miſtreſs.

Montgomery, therefore, without ſeizing, as Ethelinde expected, the idea that the impediments to their union might be in a great meaſure removed by this circumſtance, contrived only to preſs her to adhere to the promiſe he had drawn from her before Sir Edward came to them; and he, in his turn, aſſured her that with the hope of ſeeing her again ſo ſoon, of meet-

ing her to part no more, he would bid her adieu with calmneſs and reſolution. This promiſe was particularly conſoling to Ethelinde, as ſhe dreaded the effect of that agitation of ſpirits into which the exceſs of his paſſion had frequently thrown him—agitation the more alarming as he was uſually mild and rational, and his paſſions on no other point were capable of obſcuring his reaſon. She wilfully ſhut her eyes to the little probability there was that Montgomery would receive in town the favorable accounts with which he ſanguinely flattered himſelf, and was as wilfully forgetful that even if theſe expectations ſhould be realized ſhe was now overlooking or miſrepreſenting the ſame difficulties which ſhe had before ſummoned all her prudence and reaſon to behold in their true colours.

No alteration, unleſs for the worſe, had happened either in her circumſtances or in thoſe of Montgomery; but her love, which ſeemed before hardly capable of augmen-

augmentation, had encreaſed; ſhe had found the former ſeparation from Montgomery, and his uncertain abſence, even more intolerable in the reality than her lively fancy had repreſented them; and feeling from daily experience in the houſe of Miſs Newenden, as ſhe had before done in that of Sir Edward, that it was poſſible to be very affluent yet very unhappy, ſhe had gradually reconciled her mind to the deprivation which ſhe knew ſhe muſt ſubmit to with Montgomery of all the elegancies and many of the comforts of life, and had convinced herſelf that to live for and with him whom ſhe ſo tenderly loved in a ſituation that barely afforded its neceſſaries, would be without compariſon a more fortunate lot than the moſt exalted or brilliant ſituation that could be offered her, on condition only of parting from him for a few years.

Under this conviction, the arguments ſhe had uſed in the former part of this ſcene, to induce Montgomery to quit her,

were the forced efforts of virtue and reſolution, ſupported by her promiſe to Mrs. Montgomery; but they were too painful, and her heart revolted too much againſt them to ſuffer her obſtinately to defend them; and weak and exhauſted as ſhe was by the ſight of Montgomery's ſufferings as well as her own, all her remaining fortitude was hardly ſufficient to ſave her from the additional imprudence of going with him at all events, and becoming his wife whether his mother's income was or was not ſufficient for their ſupport.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XII.

MOntgomery, while he tried to ſtifle every ſuggeſtion which aroſe in his mind that he was perhaps groundleſsly ſanguine, was collecting reſolution to bid farewell to Ethelinde with calmneſs, as only for a ſhort time. Sir Edward felt, with almoſt equal poignancy, the pain he was yet compelled to undergo of parting from her alſo; and in order that her future ſituation might give him as little uneaſineſs as poſſible, at leaſt while ſhe remained with Miſs Newenden, he determined before he went to ſpeak to his ſiſter fully, and endeavour to convince her of the regard ſhe owed to the opinion of the world, without hinting that the preſence of Ethelinde made that attention more requiſite. He had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of the deſigns entertained by Woolaſton; but he propoſed talking to

Davenant, which, as his former guardian, he thought he had a right to do, to beg that he would not bring viſitors to Miſs Newenden's houſe, whoſe characters rendered them improper companions for two ſingle women.

But while he formed this deſign, the party who had ſo ſtrong an intereſt in deceiving him were taking meaſures to preclude its neceſſity. Miſs Newenden, who grew every moment more attached to Woolaſton as his various knowledge unfolded itſelf in the ſtable, the field, and the kennel, had too firmly determined to reward his merit to ſuffer any remonſtrances of her brother to ſhake her reſolution; but ſtill ſhe was willing to avoid hearing them, and ſhe contrived to make Davenant and Woolaſton underſtand that it would be better for them to depart before Sir Edward, if he ſtaid longer than that evening, and if he did not, to ſay before him that they were immediately going into Suſſex. To any propoſal of her's

they

they both readily agreed, and it was ſettled among them that they ſhould take leave of her that day at dinner, and as ſoon as Sir Edward was gone to the Continent, as he had informed his ſiſter he intended, that Woolaſton was to return and become maſter of Brackwood and its ſpirited lady. This arrangement was very ſatisfactory to him; as he dreaded much the influence of Sir Edward, and was afraid that if he ſuſpected his intentions he would repreſent to his ſiſter the imprudence of marrying a man ſo ſituated, and of putting herſelf entirely in his power, in ſo ſtrong a light, that his hopes would too probably be blaſted for ever.

When they met, therefore, at dinner, Woolaſton was extremely guarded in his behaviour. Davenant affected to be out of humour at the little ſport they had found, and declared his reſolution of going towards home that evening. Miſs Newenden aſſumed her uſual careleſs eaſe; and it required no great exertion to deceive Sir

Edward, occupied as he was by his own poignant uneaſineſs. He eat nothing, and hardly ſpoke; while the wretchedneſs that corroded his heart could only be exceeded by that ſuffered by Montgomery. Ethelinde ſtill remained in her own room; and had ſhe not had a pretence to do ſo from the effects of her late accident, ſhe would have found it impoſſible to go through a ſcene in which ſhe beheld her lover and her beſt friend ſuffer ſo cruelly on her account.

An uncomfortable dinner being thus paſſed, a chaiſe was heard at the door, and a ſervant informed Sir Edward that it was his: he ſtarted up, and in evident confuſion left the room. Montgomery, who fancied he was gone to ſpeak to Ethelinde, was tempted to follow him: but aſhamed of ſhewing any ſuſpicion of the conduct of ſuch a man, he ſat ſtill, yet in ſuch apparent uneaſineſs, that Davenant, who enjoyed every opportunity of mortifying him, began to talk to him of Sir Edward's great goodneſs

goodneſs to his new ward, and of the extraordinary kindneſs he had ſhewn to her father. This converſation was inſupportable. Montgomery bore it a moment or two, and then without anſwering abruptly quitted the room, and walked haſtily backwards and forwards in the hall, dreading the moment when he was to ſay adieu, yet thinking every moment an age while he believed Sir Edward prevented his being admitted to Ethelinde, for he could not bear that a third perſon, and above all others that Sir Edward, ſhould be witneſs to a parting, which, however tranſient he endeavoured to perſuade himſelf it would be, appeared more terrible to his imagination than any other ſpecies of torture.

At length Sir Edward came down ſtairs; and ſeeing Montgomery in the hall, he aſked in an eager and hurried voice if he was ready. Montgomery, in a tone of equal agitation, anſwered—"I ſhall be ready as ſoon as I have ſpoken to Ethelinde."

"Go then," replied Sir Edward, "go, for ſhe expects you, Montgomery. As you love that dear unhappy girl, ſpare her weak and exhauſted ſpirits. Do not, I beſeech you, lengthen by fruitleſs complaints a ſcene ſo diſtreſſing."

"No, Sir Edward," cried Montgomery, "whatever I ſuffer——" He would have ſaid more, but his voice was choaked, and he haſtened away.

Sir Edward had at firſt been attempting to ſoothe and tranquillize Ethelinde; telling her how he intended to ſettle her pecuniary concerns during his abſence, and recommending it to her to remain with Miſs Newenden at leaſt till Mrs. Montgomery's return. He would not again touch on her marriage, but contented himſelf with entreating her to do nothing material without conſulting him. Drowned in tears, and unable to ſpeak, ſhe held out her hand in token of giving him this promiſe. He took it; and as he preſſed it to his trembling lips, he beſought her to take care of her

her health; on no account to venture again on horſeback; and then adding—"And ever remember, Ethelinde, that till you have otherwiſe diſpoſed of this dear hand, you are accountable for your care of yourſelf to him on whom that precious truſt devolved on your father's death—to him, who has hitherto, however inadequately he has ſucceeded, endeavoured to fulfill it, and who would not, but for the moſt cruel circumſtances, a moment reſign the ſacred pleaſure of executing in perſon the office of your guardian, your brother, your protector, your friend!"

"May heaven reward you, Sir," ſaid Ethelinde, in a voice hardly audible, "for all your goodneſs!"

"I aſk no reward," replied he, "but the knowledge that you are happy—could I know that I could endure all my own. But I know not what I would ſay.—Once more, deareſt Ethelinde, farewell! May heaven protect you!" He then turned haſtily away, and left the room.

Sir

Sir Edward's generous efforts to conceal what it was impoſſible for her not to ſee, and the evident ſtruggle he underwent, as well as his endeavours to make her eaſy as to a ſupport without wounding her delicacy, could not but greatly affect Ethelinde; nor did the more acute anguiſh which now awaited her, blunt the poignancy of her diſtreſs on his account. That of Montgomery, however, was ſo ſevere that all his attempts to perſuade himſelf that even this third parting would not be the laſt, failed entirely of ſoftening it's pangs. Inſtead of exerting any portion of that courage he had but a moment before tried to promiſe, he no ſooner entered the room, and ſaw Ethelinde, her face concealed by her handkerchief, and her head reclined on the arm of a ſopha on which ſhe ſat, than he threw himſelf on his knees before her; and in a voice tremulous and almoſt convulſed, he cried—"Behold, Ethelinde, your unhappy Montgomery once more prepared to receive at your hands

hands his ſentence. Ah! dares he hope to live with you—to live for you—or is baniſhment and lingering death to be his portion?"

Grief and tenderneſs had not ſo entirely overcome Ethelinde, depreſſed as ſhe was, but that ſhe was yet able to recall in ſome degree that fortitude which the ſtronger mind of Montgomery ſeemed entirely to want.—"If you indeed love me," cried ſhe, "ſpare me, dear Montgomery, this cruel repetition. Can I ſay more than I have already ſaid? Ought I indeed to have ſaid ſo much? I refer myſelf wholly to your mother. If her letters authorize you to relinquiſh the voyage you have undertaken, I am your's whenever you come to claim me; if on the contrary——"

"Name it not," cried he, eagerly interrupting her, "I cannot bear the ſuppoſition; but tell me, if I muſt leave you—and yet I will not, cannot think of it—will you go to my mother's—will you remain with her; ſhall I believe that you are together; and wretched as I muſt be,

be, will one dear ſpot of earth contain all that can reſtore me to happineſs?"

"It ſhall, my dear friend. Whether abſent or preſent, whether in England living for me in obſcurity, or generouſly encountering perils for me in another quarter of the globe, your Ethelinde is equally and irrevocably your's. Dictate to me in regard to your mother what I ſhall do, and I will place all my little remaining comfort in obeying you."

"Promiſe me then, that whether I go or ſtay you will ſuffer no perſuaſions to detain you from my mother, but that as ſoon as ſhe returns you will go with her to Graſmere."

"I do promiſe it; and when you look on this teſtimony of my obedience to a former requeſt, you will not, my dear Montgomery, ſuſpect that I can heſitate a moment in fulfilling a promiſe that by affording me your beloved mother's ſociety and protection, will give me the only conſolation

ſolation I ſhall be capable of taſting if you are torn from me."

She then gave him the picture which ſhe had reſerved for the moment of his departure, though he had often before ſolicited it. He took it eagerly, kiſſed it, and put it in his boſom; then ſeeing Ethelinde pale and faint from contending paſſions, and feeling that the longer he ſtaid with her the more terrible it became to tear himſelf away, he aroſe, and preſſing her in his arms, ſaid—"I *muſt* go. Almighty God! preſerve her, and may our ſeparation be ſhort! Ethelinde, I rely on your promiſes—I know they are ſacred. The perſon of Montgomery may be driven from you by the cruelty of his deſtiny; but his heart, his ſoul, his exiſtence, are with you: remember that, and preſerve him in attending to your own health and life."

Ethelinde could only preſs his hand. Sir Edward, who was during all this time agitated by the moſt diſtreſſing conflict between

between reaſon, propriety, and paſſion, now found the latter ſo much too ſtrong for the other two, that he haſtily ran up ſtairs, and approached the door of Ethelinde's apartment. Montgomery, hearing his ſtep, was rouſed from the delirium of grief and love, and ſtarting at once away, haſtened to the door, where Sir Edward, ſeizing his arm, cried—"Come, dear Montgomery, you will deſtroy Ethelinde."

"God forbid!" replied he, not knowing what he ſaid; "it were better I were myſelf deſtroyed."

Sir Edward, who felt an undefinable mixture of envy and compaſſion, led him down ſtairs, and they both got without ſpeaking into the chaiſe that was in waiting; Sir Edward having before taken leave of his ſiſter and her gueſts, and Montgomery finding it impoſſible for him to command himſelf enough to take leave of them at all.

Ethelinde, in that ſort of tumultuous yet hopeleſs anguiſh that precludes almoſt the

the power of reflection, liſtened to their ſteps as they deſcended the ſtairs together; ſhe heard the door ſhut, the chaiſe drive away, and as the laſt faint ſounds of the wheels died away on her ear, hope ſeemed to be excluded from her heart. Struck forcibly with the idea that Montgomery was gone for ever, an idea which ſhe had hitherto combated, ſhe found herſelf ſtrangely tempted to give way to ſhrieks, cries, and all the agonies which deſpair extorts from the impatient ſufferer under cureleſs misfortune; but her weakneſs of body checked more than her reaſon theſe violent tranſports. She could weep, however, no longer; but fixing her eyes on the door where laſt ſhe ſaw the departing form of Montgomery, ſhe ſat for ſome time ſtupid and motionleſs, till ſhe was awakened from this ſtate of torpid ſorrow by again hearing the ſound of wheels which ſeemed to approach the door. Her heart beat violently.—"Is it poſſible," ſaid ſhe, that they can be returned?" She yet moved

moved with difficulty; but the poſſibility that Montgomery might again be in the houſe affected her ſo much that ſhe was inſenſible of pain; and riſing, ſhe opened the door of her room and liſtened. There were ſeveral perſons in the hall, but ſhe heard not the voices of thoſe whom ſhe fancied might be returned. At length a loud laugh from Miſs Newenden, and the harſh toned voice of Woolaſton in converſation with her and Davenant, made her believe ſhe was miſtaken; and in a few moments ſhe diſtinctly heard theſe two gentlemen take leave of Miſs Newenden, ſtep into a chaiſe, and depart alſo.

At any other time their departure would have been grateful to her; but now, wholly abſorbed in one painful idea, ſhe felt nothing but the miſery of having bidden farewell to her lover; though his return could only have renewed all the ſufferings ſhe had juſt before with ſo much difficulty ſuſtained, ſhe felt new pangs from having been thus deceived, and with difficulty returned

turned to her ſeat, where her ſenſes ſeemed entirely to forſake her; and where, though ſhe yet breathed and beheld the ſurrounding objects, ſhe was really unconſcious of what ſhe was about, of the lapſe of time, and of what ſhe ought to do to fulfil the promiſe ſhe had ſo recently given Montgomery to take care of her health.

In this ſituation Miſs Newenden found her, when about half an hour after the departure of her viſitors ſhe went up to enquire after her merely becauſe ſhe had nothing elſe to do.—"Well, Ethy," cried ſhe, as ſhe entered the room, "and how do *you* do? So! we have loſt all our men at once. Lord! child, what's the matter with you? you look like a wax figure, with your fixed heavy eyes and pale face. Come prythee have a little more ſpirit. *You* a ſoldier's daughter, and intend to be a ſoldier's wife? why you are fit for nothing."

Though ſtartled by ſuch an addreſs from her gloomy reverie, it was the ſoothing voice

voice of ſympathy and tenderneſs only that could melt Ethelinde into tears, and ſoften the intenſe pain that oppreſſed her. She turned her languid eyes on Miſs Newenden, and with a ſmile of anguiſh and a deep drawn ſigh anſwered, without having any preciſe idea of what had been ſaid—"I am much obliged to you."

"Pooh!" anſwered Miſs Newenden, "obliged to me; for what? will you have any ſupper? what ſhall I ſend you?"

"I am going to bed, I thank you, and have no appetite," anſwered Ethelinde with a little more recollection.

"Well, well, but you muſt eat. Why one would think you were ſtarving for a match. I believe you don't weigh now above a feather. I ſhall ſend you up a cold chicken, and I deſire you will eat it. What ſort of a figure will you make when your pretty fellow returns laden with rupees if you ſet out with faſting and weeping before he is gone? You'll be as thin as a foreſt horſe in a hard winter; and then you'll

you'll loſe your beauty, and will wonder that he regrets his yellow women, and his dancing girls."

To this unfeeling though well meant raillery, Ethelinde could give no anſwer. Miſs Newenden left her, and ſoon after ſent up her ſupper by the ſervant who attended her. Ethelinde, hardly conſcious of what ſhe did, had ſome idea that it was right to eat; ſhe tried, but found it impoſſible; and deſiring the maid to give her a glaſs of wine and water, and to take away the ſupper, ſhe began to undreſs herſelf, and fancied that on her pillow ſhe might find ſome reſpite from the extreme pain which throbbed in her heart; but Montgomery, gone for ever, was a ſentence to which every pulſe beat in agonizing reſponſes. She addreſſed herſelf to heaven, ſhe beſought ſtrength of mind to endure this affliction, and even heavier if heavier ſhould be inflicted; and while ſhe prayed moſt fervently for his preſervation ſhe with equal fervour deſired to become

come worthy of him. This appeal to heaven, this confidence in the only power who could preſerve and reſtore her beloved Montgomery, or enable her to endure his abſence, relieved her oppreſſed heart; and finding herſelf more compoſed, ſhe believed her prayers were heard; and at length was releaſed, though only by a ſhort and agitated ſlumber, from the recollection of the agonies ſhe had gone thro' in parting from Montgomery, and from the remembrance of Sir Edward's diſtreſs, which, powerful and overwhelming as was the predominant ſentiment of her heart, could not eſcape her, or fail to be remembered with concern.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.